CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for May, 1908 No. 1.

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Issued Monthly. Subscription: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year, United States $1.50 a year

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Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

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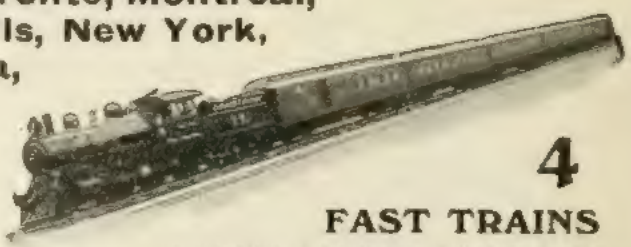

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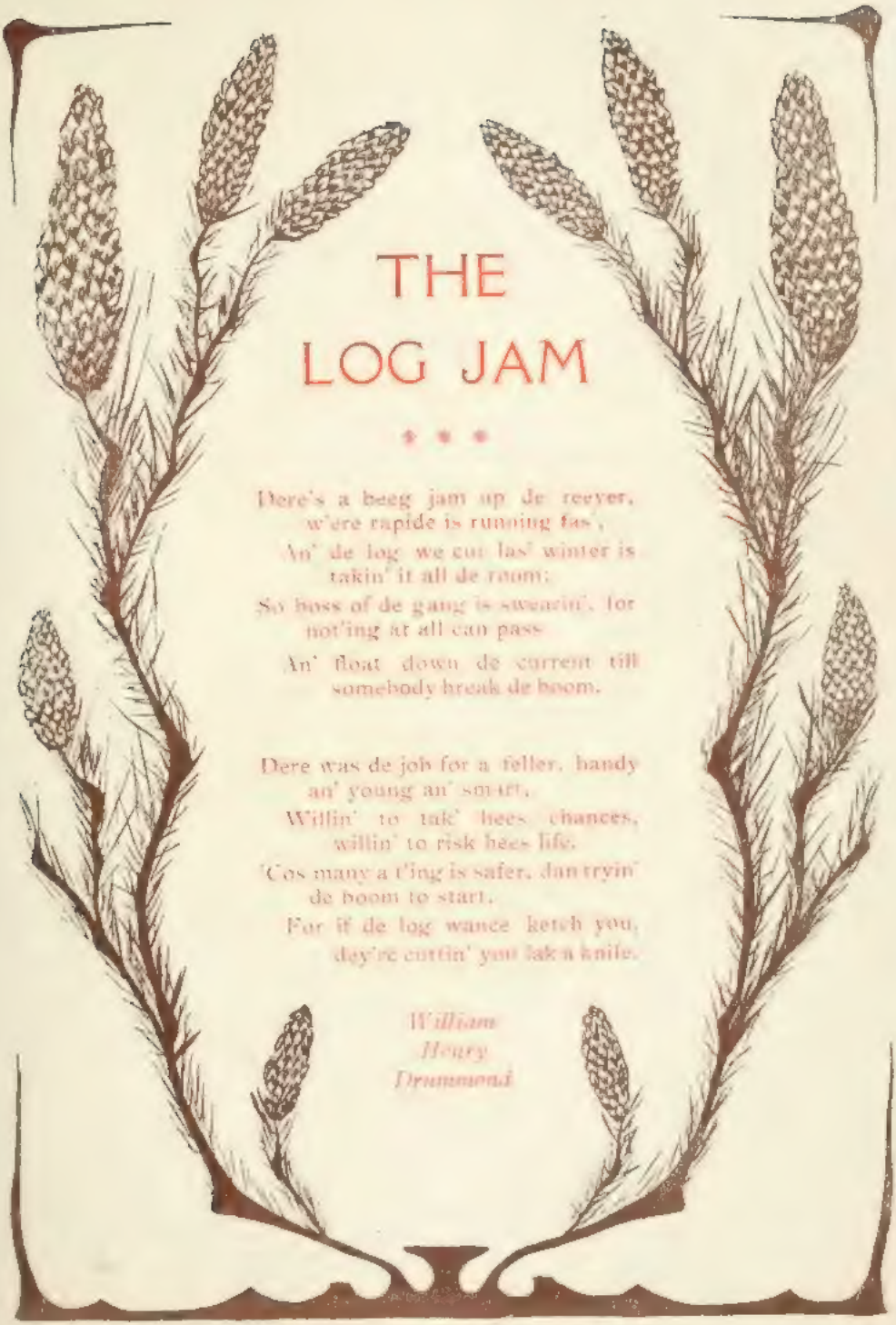


THE LOG JAM

* * *

Dere's a beeg jam up de reever,
w'ere rapide is running fas',
An' de log we cut las' winter is
takin' it all de room;
So boss of de gang is sweatin', for
not'ing at all can pass
An' float down de current till
somebody break de boom.

Dere was de job for a feller, handy
an' young an' smart,
Willin' to tak' hees chances,
willin' to risk hees life,
'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin'
de boom to start,
For if de log wance ketch you,
dey're cuttin' you lak a knife.

William
Henry
Drummond

Drawing by Va-Tier L. Barnes. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom.

And Buck warbles, "Where is that d——d Dook?"

McCarthy's Majority—See page 648

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. MAY, 1908 NUMBER 1

THE LOGGERS

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "A Nurse from Teulon," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DID your ever hear the cry of "timber" echoing through the forest? Three times the call is repeated, then for a moment the singing of the springing saw, a crash, and a crescendo of crushing crackling ending in a thud; another tree has fallen. There is a strange thrill in seeing the fall of a great tree; regret for Nature's work of many years now brought to an end, pity for the stateliness now laid low, and yet a glow of triumph in the prowess of man, the skill of the axmen who have felled it and the ingenuity which will make the green log minister to the complicated needs of civilization; and along with the pity and the triumph perhaps a trace of man's primitive delight in destruction for its own sake.

This cry of "timber" has rung through thousands of miles of forest on our continent. Started in the Maine woods in our grandfathers' time, where it disturbed the waters of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, it crossed the St. Lawrence and swept through the forests of the Ottawa. Then it was shouted by the "bully boys" on the banks of the Saginaw and the Muskegon in Michigan and by the lumber jacks in the pineries of Wisconsin. Then it turned southward to the Gulf States where it disturbs the deep repose of the slow moving streams which take their stately way through the dark shadows of the towering southern pines. From the Gulf it jumped over to the far away Pacific slope and now it is circling back again toward the east, through the spruce woods of Western Canada, far to the north of any spot where it has been heard before.

The Western Canadian forest zone sweeps around in a semi-circle from Lake Superior to the southern boundary of British Columbia, leaving the great prairies of Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta practically free from woods. Within this semi-circular line farms, towns, railroads, all the accompaniments of civilization are spread over the prairie and where the railroads touch the forest belt civilization is pushing its pioneers, the lumber jacks, into the primeval woods. At Prince Albert and Edmonton on the northern rim of the prairies, the whir of the band saw and the screech of the

A RIVER IN THE NORTH WOODS Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

planing mill greet the ears of the wanderer along the banks of the Saskatchewan. These are the points from which squads of men start into the forest every fall, and to which they return every spring when the drives come down the rivers.

Looking across the Saskatchewan at Prince Albert, the stranger from the south gets an impression of mystery, feels that the line of woods on the far bank of the river hides the secrets of the North. On a winter morning I stood on the south bank of the river amid the bustle of main street of the thriving little city. Close at hand a big, rough structure with tram cars running from it onto the ice, and many men out

on the river working about shafts of boards, showed where the concrete piers were being laid for a great railroad and traffic bridge. Toward the east, through the one break in the line of woods on the other side of the river, heavy bob-sleds with big box bodies were drawn out to a hole in the ice and filled, then the horses were hitched to the other end and the sleds drawn slowly off into the woods. The water was being hauled to ice the road for a big traction engine with spiked wheels, that draws huge loads of lumber from a mill hidden away in the woods thirty-five miles to the north. Down the river to the east, the lazy smoke from three tall iron chimneys proclaims as many mills.

The sight of the train of lumber bobs drawn by the engine, and the smoke rising in the still winter air, made me realize that it was no myth that a thousand men had been sent across the river into the bush from Prince Albert the fall before. Far away to the north, among the lakes and streams that lie through the forest like a silver mesh, there are lonely lumber camps where Scotchmen and French Canadians from the waters of the Ottawa, "Norskis" from the fiords, strong featured, dusky skinned half breeds and stray, unclassified Americans, immediately from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, remotely from the four corners of the earth, toil together through the short winter days. Far to westward, above Edmonton, among the upper waters of the Saskatchewan, another band of lumber jacks engage in a winter-long struggle with Nature and—the saw log.

It is a battle that is fought through three hundred miles of North Saskatchewan forests—a battle without the grimness of war between man and man—but a real battle, nevertheless, between strong men and the unlimited forces of Nature. It is a primitive, hand-to-hand fight. The loggers are not equipped with the elaborate machinery and devices that aid in most of our modern industries. Implements they have, it is true, but not of a kind to prevent their feeling the joy that comes from the overcoming of a great force by the skilful application of simple muscle. With their axes, saws, cant-hooks, swamp-hooks, a few steel chains, some horses and the rough devices of the camp carpenter, they meet the blocking snow of the winter storms, the wild rush of the spring freshets and the deadly weight and often diabolical ingenuity of the saw logs themselves.

The length of the battle is limited by the season. While the snow and the cold last the logs can be sleded through the woods; while the spring high water flows in the streams the drive can be floated to the mills. So the life of the loggers is a rushing, hurrying against time. The days are short in the North woods winter and every bit of daylight has to be used. Long before the first streak of dawn the busy cook and cookee are out of their bunks beside the ranges in the cook camp, and the barn boss has routed out the teamsters to feed the strong and intelligent horses who are a most important factor in the struggle with the log. In the cook camp a few flaring oil lamps light up the long tables set with tin dishes and flanked by rough wooden benches, the big ranges at the end and the cook with arms bared to the shoulder kneading a wooden wash-tubful of bread dough, while the cookee fills great dishes with boiled pork and mush from the steaming tins on the range, and starts up the room with a big coffee pot as the men pile in for their hasty breakfast. They take their seats with a racket of bumping and scraping and then a strange silence falls upon the long tables. In a lumber camp talking at the table is not *de riguer*. The clatter of knives and forks on the tin plates and an occasional "pass the bread" are the only sounds during the ceremony of eating. Like most curious customs that seem absurd to the uninitiated, this one has its foundation in a practical purpose; the men are as hungry as wolves and they can be satisfied with dispatch if they are not distracted from the business in hand by talking. The first men to leave the table, as they were the first out of their bunks, are the teamsters. They have

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

EDMONTON LUMBER YARD, 1906

the horses out of their stables and ready hitched by the time the last straggler comes out of the cook camp, drawing on his "mackinaw," ready for the day's work.

Off to the battle they go through the silent, white-blanketed woods, carrying on their shoulders supple saws, double bitted axes and cant hooks, while the patient horses draw the slender chains and small sledges with which the fallen monarchs of the forest are to be bound and dragged into captivity. Such slight and simple weapon and such heavy tasks! The secret of the loggers' success lies in their skill. It is skill that avoids the ever impending danger, skill that lifts weight which in the city would be handled by electric cranes, skill that finally drives the year's product on the breast of the spring high water down to its destination by the mills.

It seems a simple enough thing to cut down a tree and saw it into lengths. But just try it once and unless a kind Providence intervenes, you will find yourself lying under the trunk with all desire to experiment crushed out of you. It takes the trained eye to judge which way the tree should fall, the trained hand to force the axe to bite into the trunk at exactly the agreed spot in rythmic alternation with your companion sawyer's, the trained ear to know the subtle change in the song of the saw and the low crack that are the signals for the warning cry of "timber" and the quick jumps that saves from the cruel weight of the falling tree. Even to clear the trunk of branches and saw it into lengths, which some might call the work of a farm "chore" boy, requires skill and experience. The branches must be cut off close to the trunk but the log must not be gashed by the axe, and the sawyers must know how to judge the wood and avoid including any rotted or "punk" spots in the center of a saw log.

When the logs are lying stripped of their plumage, then the teamster and his knowing horse appear on the scene, steel tongs are bitten into the butt of the log and it goes bumping along at the end of chains as the horse picks his

way in and out among the roots and stumps with due regard for the long and awkward weight he is trailing behind him. A few hundred feet away, the horse turns into a narrow trail of packed snow and with the guidance of the teamster, he dexterously deposits the end of the log on a little sledge waiting to receive it. When two logs are fastened side by side on the sledge, the horse is harnessed to it, the teamster mounts the logs and away they go down the travois path to the wide road, where swampers are at work taking out every root and snag in preparation for the winter's haul. Beside the road are two skids, at right angles to it and about ten feet apart. One at a time the logs are drawn across these skids, then the driver steps on to the little sledge and the horse trots briskly off to get another load. The logs on the skids are pounced upon by three cant-hook men assisted by a horse, a teamster, a long chain and the ever useful swamp hook. There is a pile of logs beside the road and these two newcomers must be added to it. In the first log the men firmly imbed the swamp hook attached to a long chain running over the pile to the horse, who furnishes the motive power. A cant-hook man stands at each end of the log to guide it on its upward way, while the third is perched on top of the pile to receive it. As the horse tugs on the chain the log bumps slowly up the pile and if it goes crooked, the men who are guiding it, straighten it by fastening their cant-hooks, like a thumb and forefinger, on the log and throwing their weight on the long handle, a ticklish business, for if the weight is not released at exactly the right second, the log will throw the unwary man over and under itself, or the handle of the cant-hook will be snapped out of his hand and deliver him a stunning blow. As the log crests the pile it seems impossible for the man on top to escape a downward rush of the crushing weight, but at the psychological moment he gives a sharp signal to the driver, the horse stops, the cant-hook grasps the log at precisely the right spot, the man's weight is thrown on it for precisely the

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

EDMONTON LUMBER YARD, 1907

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

A TYPICAL LOAD OF LOGS, 14,103 FEET

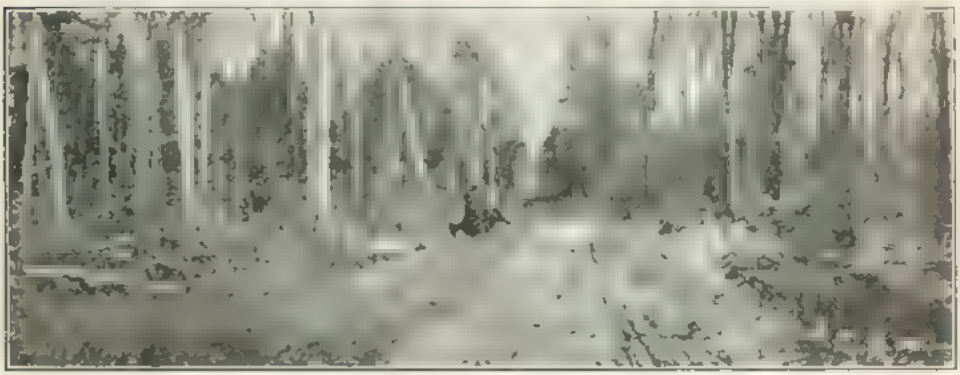
right length of time and the log sullenly settles into its appointed place.

The pile must be laid so that the scaler who marks the logs can readily tell both ends of each log, and so that it can most easily be re-piled on the bobs that later in the winter will appear on the road and carry it away to the river. During the early part of the winter the swampers clear roads as smooth as a city street to all the piling grounds in the Company's "limits" and about the middle of the season a snowplow, built by the camp carpenter, of two big timbers in V shape, starts along these roads, followed by an unwieldly sprinkler also of home manufacture. Day after day four horses drag the weighty water bob along the roads, not daring to stop a moment so long as the water lasts, as in just a minute the runners will freeze solidly into the ruts. In this slow and laborious way, glassy roads of ice with ruts drawn smooth and true are made for hauling the great bob loads of logs to the banking grounds on the edge of the river. Often the logs are banked out on the river itself ready for the spring heat to release the water to float them away.

So, all through the short days these hardy, fearless, skilful lumber jacks fight their battle with the forces of the forest. Mostly it is a winning battle, but sometimes the wind and the snow, powerful allies, come to the rescue of the trees, and then for days at a time the issue is uncertain. The ice roads are blocked with great drifts and the struggling horses, aided by the shovels of the men who ought to be felling, if season's cut is to come up to the standard, pull the heavy snowplow through the choking snow, perhaps only to have their work undone by another snow fall in the night. But the loggers never give up. Doggedly they keep on plowing and sprinkling until the roads

are once more fit for hauling. Then, with feverish haste they work to make up for lost time. For the lumber jack is loyal and takes a great pride in the "cut" of his boss. All day long the cutting goes on, and when the light fails, rude torches are made, and half the night the creaking of the runners on ice, the thuds of logs falling into place on the loads, and the shouts of the cant-hook men and the drivers disturb the silence of the dark woods

Usually, when there is no need of extra exertions, the evenings are gay in the bunk house. The silent footed deer slipping through the black and white lace work of the moonlit forest, stops and lifts his antlers with a quick movement of curiosity as the lively strains of the fiddle high above the rollicking chorus of deep voices, strike his listening ear. The interior of the bunk house presents a scene, rough and uncouth, but strangely picturesque. The light from a few oil lamps and stray gleams from the red-hot wood stove quiver in the over-heated air, and touch up the high notes of color in the men's gay sashes and caps and the scarlet blankets that escape from the bunks lining the walls. At the far end, the camp fiddler is scraping away for dear life while the men dance and stamp, making strange goblin-like shadows, and roll out the songs of the "shantee" boys. They are of all complexions and of many accents, this motley crew who joke or fight, kick or dance with equal readiness, yet they all know and join in the songs of the woodsmen celebrating in twenty verses the exploits of some bully boy on the banks of the Saginaw, or of "Pierre" far up the Ottawa. A dangerous set, too, if they get at the tabooed liquor or have their blind wrath aroused, needing a strong hand to "boss" them, but giving a heart whole loyalty and rough devotion to the strong hand and fearless eye. For the right boss these adventurers of the woods are ready to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, fight the gang of a trespassing neighbor, or risk their lives breaking a jam on the river



Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

A ROAD THROUGH SASKATCHEWAN WOODS

By the time the sudden warmth of the northern spring stirs the blood of man and rots the ice on the waterways, these restless men are beginning to crave new excitement, and with the freshet boiling down the stream, it comes. The last round of the loggers' battle with Nature is at hand, the drive is on!

As the first logs are tumbled into the current, picked men spring onto them, dig the caulks of their boots into the wood and balancing their long peavies, ride away down the boiling stream to the points of danger where the following logs might jam if left without the guidance of the watchful lumber jack.

Behind, at the camp, the banks of logs are tumbled into the water with many a hair-breadth escape of the men who are prying them apart. Time after time a man is apparently buried under a rush of a dozen logs from the top of a bank, but miraculously re-appears at the other end until the spectator suspects that it is not a miracle that is at work but knowledge of the vagaries of the logs.

So the flood goes on, brown with logs and with it are the caulk booted peavie-armed men, now riding a slender stick for miles, now going ashore to watch a suspicious eddy, then when their suspicions have been confirmed, jumping out into the thick of it to pry and push the incipient jam apart. Day after day and night after night for the water and the logs know nothing of sleep, the vigilant loggers drive the thousands of logs down through the labyrinth of waters, over rapids, past placid little lakes on on to the great Saskatchewan, the goal of their long journey. Down the mighty river the booms are waiting to receive them and the mills are hungry to devour them in their insatiable maws.

The loggers' work is done. They proceed to celebrate the success of the drive with great impartiality at the various "licensed to sell liquors" near the water front and have a glorious good time while their stake lasts. Then part of them travel on to other scenes of adventure, perhaps to turn up again next winter, perhaps to wander for many years, but sooner or later to return to the North woods, for whosoever drinks of the waters of the Saskatchewan is sure to respond to its lure and return.

Some of the loggers having finished their celebrating, go to the mills and there see the logs whose strength and viciousness they know and love, reduced to impotence in the jaws of the wonderful mill machinery. Up in the woods all depends on the *man*, who must be prepared for all sorts of contingencies, ready to interpose his ingenuity between the log and disaster, here in the mill nothing is left to chance, all is ordered, pre-ordained by the ingenious machinery. From the time that the rubber booted man by the log pond steers it on to the endless chains that drags it up out of the water to the sawing room, every moment that carries the log to its final fate is fixed. It may turn out in the end as planed boards, rough lumber, shingles, lathe, or all four of them, but it is a fixed routine that it must go through and from it there is no escape. It is a great change for a lumberman from the varied life of the woods, where new conditions that tax his ingenuity meet him every day, to the precise work in the mill where everything is done by machinery that is almost human in its ability to do complicated things but has none of the human failing of varying from hour to hour and is exact to a thread.

Men, of course, are needed, and skilful men too; like the sawyer who judges each log as it rolls down to the carriage and in that moment signals to the setters how near to set it to the edge in order to gauge the thickness of the board that will be cut off as the carriage hurtles past the whizzing band saw, like the shingle man to whom the heedlessness of a moment means the loss of his fingers; like the saw filer, the highest paid man in the mill, who sharpens up the band saws after their hour's shift of eating through length after length of tough spruce.

But even with these skilled men it is still the machinery in the mill that holds the visitor's interest. At first the banging and whirring is so great, the hurtling of the carriages and the swift movement of the sawn lumber on the endless chains so confusing, that system seems an impossibility. But as soon as one becomes accustomed to the noise, it becomes clear that every movement of the timber is reduced to a science, from the time the log is rolled down to the carriage until it comes out in sections, part as board at the sorting shed, part down below as shingles, part in lathe, and part in waste in the endless chain that carries it away to the burner, where it ends its life ignominiously. In all this journey it is

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

LOGS FOR THE PRINCE ALBERT MILLS

handled by remarkably few hands. Endless chains run in all directions carrying the boards as they leave the band saws, and at crucial points a man is stationed to turn them in the proper direction, to be passed through the planing machines, to have their ends shaved off, or cut into the right length for lathe; never stopping but always carried on by those tireless chains until they reach the man stationed to receive them at the end of the route.

And what becomes of all this lumber? Take a trip through the prairies of the West and you will see. South of Edmonton and Prince Albert there are hundred new towns growing as fast as busy hands and the supply of building materials can let them. Edmonton puts out twenty-five million board feet a year, and Prince Albert, sixty-five million, besides the lumber that is sawn in lesser quantities at Red Deer and Calgary, yet lumber is "high" on the prairies because of the tremendous demand. The manufacture of lumber is naturally a growing industry, which has doubled during the last two years, and bids fair to keep on growing at the same rate for many years to come.

The market is bound to grow in [illegible] ometric progr[illegible] coming into the prairie [illegible] ever increasing [illegible] forest seems [illegible]

An Amer[illegible] one of the [illegible] two hundred and sixty-nine square mile[illegible] timber limits north of the Saskatchewan, yet huge as this tract is for one [illegible] ation, it sinks into insignificance [illegible] the five hundred odd miles owned by one Canadian in the same town. Almost all of these holdings are to the south of the water shed between the [illegible] Kenzie and the Saskatchewan, yet only a small fraction of this region has been taken up. What there is to the northward is still largely a matter of conjecture. It is known that there are

forests stretching far to the north of what was formerly thought to be a barren waste, but at present, no human being can know just how vast.

The loggers are fast passing out of the lives of the northern States and their hold on the far south is limited. The Pacific States will be a field for them for long years to come, but it is Canada that is destined to be their happy hunting grounds in the distant future. When sugar beet farms have driven the lumber jack finally from northern Wisconsin and Michigan, when cotton plantations have taken the place of the stately southern pine, the cry of "timber" will still ring through the forests of Canada in the winter, and each spring the loggers will ride the brown logs on the drive through the network of silvery waters above the North Saskatchewan

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

From "A Shropshire Lad"

YOU smile upon your friend to-day,
To-day his ills are over;
You hearken to the lover's say,
And happy is the lover.

'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,
But better late than never:
I shall have lived a little while
Before I die forever.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order," Etc

THROUGHOUT history the representatives of a religion have always sought to carry over from one age into its successor the essential elements of their religious faith. Generally these efforts have resulted in a checking of freedom of thought in the interests of traditionalism, and this in turn, as in China and India, has resulted in the fixing of social life in all its forms. Christian history is full of such efforts, but with a very important difference. Thanks to the racial peculiarities of the people among which it has been dominant, free thought has never been utterly suppressed. Persecution and prosecution alike have been impotent to check the progress of social and political institutions, and these in turn have reacted upon religious leaders. As a consequence sometimes passionately and sometimes half-heartedly, sometimes by way of revolt and sometimes by way of cautious reorganization, the great religious leaders have readjusted religious teaching to new thought and new circumstances. These moments of readjustment have always been those of struggle and suffering. On the one side have been those who shared more completely than most men of their time in the forces that were making for change and were accordingly eager to abandon outright such elements of older faith as seemed unsuited to the new conditions. On the other hand, there have always been those who have identified the form and the substance of their religion, and who have seen in every attempt at readjustment or any attempt at distinguishing formal and essential elements, only a denial of sacred and everlasting truth. Yet throughout these centuries of struggle for a religion in keeping with its age, both parties have agreed that the teaching of the New Testament is the final authority and alike they have protested their loyalty to Jesus. If too frequently, in their zeal for truth progressive and conservative have lost kindliness, it is hardly more than would be expected of devoted champions.

It is not likely that the present efforts at readjustment should be unmarked by the same characteristics. The world of thought to-day differs more radically from that of a hundred years ago than the age of the Renaissance differed from that of the school men. The world which is dominated by a conception of eternal change and of unvarying natural law is an utterly new world. There are plenty of men living who will recall when champions of Christianity thought it necessary to fight the scientists and to denounce any approach towards the acceptance of the theory of evolution as apostasy, if not downright infidelity. Yet the outcome might have been foreseen The progress of the scientific spirit was quickened rather than hindered by the opposition of the theologians, and it was the religious world, rather than the scientific, that capitulated. But the religious world has gained innumerable advantages in the new age. The belief in God, no longer anthropomorphic, is based upon that wide induction which excludes irrational chance from the universe. The belief in immortality is buttressed by the evidences of a designed process of development, and even suffering, which to an unscientific age seemed to come as an arbitrary stroke of God, is now seen to be in some way an expression of a great and beneficent purpose running through all life.

When, however, the citizen of the

world of churches became a citizen of the world of laboratories, he found difficulty in thinking in his old way Lacking the proper guidance, too often the Bible became to him an archeological literature, and its teachings seemed all but irreconcilable with the facts and principles which he knew to be true from his experiments and observations Such moments of transition were inevitably moments of bewilderment, very apt to breed doubt and indifference. Without properly stopping to consider the foolishness of such an act, many a man turned from the Bible in much the same way that he would turn from sacred books of other people. It became a more or less interesting, but so far as he was personally concerned, unimportant literature. When his religious teachers vigorously rebuked such an attitude and insisted that his scientific position was inconsistent with faith in the Bible he took them at their word, but abandoned the Bible. The difficulties which beset religious faith were magnified and forgetting that every equation with which he expressed cosmic forces and that every experiment with which he tested the properties of matter, were so many arguments for the existence of an immanent God, he relegated Christian faith to children and the masses and turned to matter and a great Unknown

Even the man who refused to be shaken from his old faith found himself in considerable difficulties On the one hand, he could not deny that the old order had changed and that a new age had begun with ideals and problems and resources vastly greater than those of the old; but on the other hand, he could not believe that the teaching of the gospel had been outgrown Christianity also had its facts and its laws, its history and its forces. The problem in his mind was not so simple as in the indifferently religious mind He wished to hold to the substance of his religious faith even though he were forced to give up its particular form. The great duty which he saw before him was not the elimination of one of the two factors but a combination of them both. Whenever he stopped to think upon the matter, he found himself confronted with this great question: "How may the truth of the gospel be so stated as to make it operative and influential in an age which does not think and does not believe and does not live as the men of the first century thought and believed and lived?"

We all recognize that as the question that confronts the church of to-day We have an old gospel and a new age Has the one a message for the other? Earnest men believe so, and all over the world are trying to restate the gospel in terms that will appeal to modern life. Sometimes their efforts are very naive and sometimes they are very unconvincing. Arbitrarily to redefine the words of the New Testament and then to derive teachings from Biblical sentences can certainly bring no conviction to a man scientifically trained. Such treatment is merely rhetorical, and outside method. In fact the greatest difficulty which besets the religious world to-day is one of method None of us doubts that there is more religious power in the New Testament than in any other body of teaching under the sun. The great difficulty which besets us is that of bringing this body of truth to bear upon an age so radically different from that of the apostles as to be unable to adopt its philosophical, political, or scientific point of view. Any attempt utterly to cut loose from the New Testament and to substitute for it ethical or religious abstractions will never succeed with the masses of men and women They will disbelieve before they will turn platitudinarian. People want something more tangible than philosophy; they want something as concrete as life itself. There is no gospel in anything but the gospel

It is worth emphasizing that the way before us is very plain. Train a man to understand the teachings of the New Testament precisely as they were given in their own historical setting, and at the same time to think in the method of his own day, and the problem of the gospel's relation to him and his needs

LE STANLEY MATTHEWS

is simple. He has but to distinguish between the form of the New Testament thought and its great essentials and to set forth those essentials in modern forms which will do for his age what the New Testament forms did for theirs. There is no trick in such method as this, or mere literal smoothing over of difficulties. It is a straight pedagogical way that demands no genius on the part of its teacher and no manipulation of conscience on the part of its disciple. Understand the New Testament, distinguish between those things in it which are of the nature of fact and those things which are of the nature of interpretation, and then restate the facts in terms which will interpret them to the present age. That is certainly intelligible enough for any man.

Of course the one difficulty will be in the discrimination between form and substance. Yet after all it is not so very difficult, and certainly is nothing novel. We have all come to judge Paul's directions about the length of men's hair and about women's speaking in meeting as something intended solely for the church at Corinth. The historical medium is easily enough recognized here and allowed for. One has but to carry out the same method to see the eternally modern verities of the gospel emerge from their larger historical envelope.

The teaching of the early church is based upon the historical Jesus and a Jesus of such character as compelled those who really knew Him to regard Him as the expected Christ. The historical student has but to distinguish between the facts of Jesus' life, and those of the apostolic experience, on the one hand, and the general Jewish messianic expectation by which these facts were systematized and interpreted on the other hand, to have at his disposal the fundamental and essential elements of the gospel. Thereafter his way is perfectly clear. The early Christian was dominated by the general scheme of messianism. The modern man is controlled by the idea of natural law. What is needed is to set out those facts which compelled the messianic interpretation in terms which will make them dynamic in a scientific age. It is to do precisely what Paul did when he adjusted the old teaching concerning law to the new facts derived from the Christian experience; it is to do what every age of spiritual renewal has done.

What, then, is the gospel and what are its fundamental and its interpretative elements in the New Testament? It is not difficult to answer these questions. The gospel, as preached by Paul, is a very simple and consistent message derived from the belief that Jesus was the expected Christ. The Christ had come to the world. He had returned to heaven where he was ruling. He would presently return to establish his great kingdom and to punish the wicked. Those who wished to join that kingdom had but to accept him as their King and Lord. For those who did thus choose there would be no condemnation in the approaching judgment, but rather divine approval and the entrance into endless joy, and above all the share in that resurrection of which Jesus was the first example. In this triumph over death through the acceptance of Jesus Christ and in the spiritual experiences born of this faith lay the certainty of an utterly new life in a future age. In the present age men were to believe that God was love, that death was but the portal to a higher and better stage of life, and that love could be made the great dominant factor in human relations. That is to say, using the terms of ordinary theology, faith in Jesus, justification by faith, atonement, regeneration, sanctification, resurrection and eternal life. Built up upon these was the ethics of Christianity, which may be characterized as the socializing of the spirit of love which is born of the experience of God.

To state accurately the New Testament teaching on these subjects and then, after having distinguished between the essential and the pedagogic or interpretative elements of the New Testament, to restate their substantial truths in terms of to-day's thinking is the purpose of this series of papers.

PHILIP'S AUNT

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

DRAWING BY C. H. DROGKAMP

MISS Rose drew forward the big rocking-chair and Mrs. Hobbes sat down heavily.

Circumstances forbade Miss Rose's offering anything more than the easiest chair to a guest, but that was always done with a gentle cordiality which showed what she would have liked to do had circumstances been less stern.

Mrs. Hobbes was a large woman with a perpetually flushed face and expressionless eyes.

"Dr. Hollister is going to give a musicale for his sister and his cousin," she said, after she had told how many white skirts they had in the wash, and what Lillian's music-teacher said about her playing, and other facts pertaining to the Hobbes household.

"Yes," said Miss Rose, interestedly. "They are pretty young ladies."

"Rather," said Mrs. Hobbes, whose daughters were many. "I presume the musicale will be something quite choice."

"Yes," said Miss Rose again.

"We had our invitations this morning. They are in the latest fashion, so Lillian says. She is authority on those things. They are on heavy white paper, monogrammed."

"My invitation came this morning," said Miss Rose.

Mrs. Hobbes' eyes showed as much cold surprise as they were capable of.

"They must be making a very general affair of it," she observed, tactfully. "You will not try to go, I suppose?"

"I had not decided," said Miss Rose, her thin face flushing.

"It is ridiculous for an old maid to blush as Rose Stewart does," Mrs. Hobbes frequently remarked. She looked unsympathetically at the slight figure in the straight-backed chair. Miss Rose was a quiet, unassertive little woman, but there were times when she seemed not to realize that she was only a back-door neighbor of the richest family in Farringford.

"I doubt whether you would enjoy it," Mrs. Hobbes glanced around the threadbare little room and back at Miss Rose: "You go out so little. We are all going to have new dresses made. Lillian says they shall see that we know how to dress in Farringford, if it is a country town." She arose with much rustling of silk linings and departed.

Miss Rose smiled deprecatingly to herself when she was alone. "I haven't anything to wear," she said, "but I should like to go. I haven't been anywhere for so long and I love music. In a crowd I shouldn't be noticed much, and there's that old silk of mother's." She stood hesitating a moment. Then she went over to the table by the window and wrote an acceptance in slanting, hair-line script.

"Doesn't the house look lovely, Jane?"

"It does, Marion. It is an idyl with all those vines about."

"The sweet peas look pretty around the punch-bowl."

"What's that?" demanded another voice. It was Doctor Hollister's, and the young man who stood on Doctor Hollister's front steps felt somewhat reassured. He had run up unannounced to see his friend's bachelor home and had been brought to a sudden halt by the sound of women's voices.

"Punch won't do, girls," went on Doctor Hollister. "This is a temperance town."

"Theodore! How ridiculous! It is nothing but claret."

Evidently this argument was too much for Theodore, for he only said, meekly, "When does the festive throng assemble?"

"I said from nine to twelve."

"Nine to twelve! *Nine to twelve!* Why, we go to bed at nine in Farringford. I always did until my sister and my third cousin once removed came to visit me."

"Didn't your patients keep you up?" That was the other voice, the drawling one, with a touch of impertinence in it.

"Not to speak of," said Theodore, cheerfully. "They keep young Hobbes up, I guess. Naturally, they feel more at liberty to impose upon the native p[illegible]"

"I hope we haven't left out any one Jane."

"Ask the sheriff?" This from Theodore.

"Doesn't Theodore look well in evening clothes, Jane?"

No reply to this.

"Don't I, Jane?" said Theodore.

"Shall I sing more than once Mar[illegible]"

"Twice, at least, Jane. We won't have any set programme. I want it quite informal. I want them to have such a good time that they will all employ Theodore."

"Lovely wish for a hostess," commented Theodore. "It is Jane's singing that is to make a physician necessary?"

"I had better hunt up a hotel!" Mr. Philip Harrington suddenly decided that he had listened as long as the most elementary manners would allow. "What on earth Theodore wants to fill up his house with a lot of girls for"—and just then the French window, that had been slightly ajar, was thrown open and the startled occupants of the room beheld a young man with a suit-case in his hand, who stood in guilty silence and blinked at the bowery room and the two decollet young women.

"By all the—Philip!" cried Theodore, and he strode across the porch and seized the young man's reluctant hand. "Bless you, my friend, coming like a blooming palm-tree in a blasted [illegible]rt

"Why, what's up?" returned Philip, endeavoring to conceal his embarrassment. "It doesn't look to me like a desert."

"It is a musicale, my boy," explained Theodore. "To help my practice, you understand."

"Don't be so silly, Theodore," the interruption came promptly in a crisp young voice from the rose-colored girl

"My sister," murmured Theodore, apologetically. "My cousin, Miss Adams, Mr Harrington."

Mr. Harrington bowed to the ladies, while he wondered why he had selected this particular time to drop down, unannounced upon Theodore. He could see, even now, in Miss Hollister's eye a speculative quandary as to where he could be put.

Theodore's voice broke in on these meditations.

"Where's your trunk, old man?" he said. "I'd given up your ever coming."

"I just stopped in," began Mr Harrington, glibly, but quite uncertain as to how he was going to finish his sentence, "on my way from the station. I—er—I just ran up for a day or two to visit my aunt"

"Your aunt!" Theodore exclaimed, in astonishment. "You haven't got an aunt in Farringford."

"Certainly I have," asserted Mr. Harrington, with warmth.

"Who is it?" demanded Theodore.

Mr. Harrington's wandering glance fell on the flower decked mantel.

"It is Miss Rose Stewart," he said, with sudden remembrance of a name in one of Theodore's letters.

"Miss Rose! *Miss Rose!* Well!" Theodore's surprise was too great for anything but repetition.

"Oh, is Miss Rose your aunt?" cried Marion. "She is coming here this evening. Isn't that lovely?"

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Harrington.

"Does she expect you?" Marion was congratulating herself on not having omitted Miss Rose Stewart from the list, and she looked interestedly at the young man.

"No," he said. "No, she doesn't."

"Oh, then you must just stay here until she comes or you will surely miss her."

"The guests are invited to come at nine, Phil," said Theodore, solemnly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Harrington, who did not know what else to say.

"Miss Rose!" muttered Theodore to himself. "Phil's aunt!" He seized the suit-case. "Come along up-stairs, old man," he said. "I'm beginning to wonder if Miss Rose isn't my aunt."

"Take Mr. Harrington to your own room, Theodore," said Marion, whereat Mr. Harrington felt further convinced that a relative in Farringford was a necessity.

Miss Rose's nephew sat on the stairs just around the turn and listened to the conversation below. He was becoming a hardened eavesdropper. He had inclined to make a confident of Theodore as they went upstairs together, but Miss Hollister had called almost immediately, and Theodore had departed with reluctant backward glances of unsatisfied curiosity. Then he had thought seriously of escaping by the back way, but instead of that he had got into evening clothes and was sitting on the stairs listening to Miss Hollister's guests deny his relationship. A fragment of a sentence, uttered in a cold, large tone, with a finality about it, had caused him to pause in his reckless descent.

"And I know—" a pause, then increased decisiveness, "that she has no nephew."

Then Marion's clear, carrying voice, with a nervous little ripple of laughter in it.

"Isn't it interesting! My brother was quite as surprised, and he has known Mr. Harrington for years. It is Mr. Philip Harrington, the artist."

Mr. Philip Harrington, the artist, thought sadly upon the folly of claiming more than belongs to one.

"A whole aunt," he mused. "I might have known that it would get me into trouble. I should have begun as a kidnapper and worked up gradually."

Another voice from the drawing room

"She never goes anywhere. I don't believe—" It trailed off into suggestive silence.

Then a girl's hushed voice just below in the hall:

"I am glad Miss Hollister asked her. It is a shame—"

"Sh!" another hushed voice.

The general hum subsided respectfully as the large voice sounded again:

"The idea is too absurd to consider. Miss Rose has no relatives. She had until quite recently a second cousin, a spinster in poor circumstances, but she died." The statement as she uttered it gave one the feeling of being an accessory to a crime.

"I wonder," Philip pondered helplessly, "what relation I am to the spinster in poor circumstances who died?"

"Miss Rose visited her once, two years ago, I remember." This is a respectful backing of the last speaker.

An attempt on Theodore's part to change the subject was thwarted by a young voice and a high-pitched little laugh.

"You can trust Mamma to be right. She considers Miss Rose her particular charge. We have her right at our back-door, you know."

"I hope you have not been taken in by an imposter, Doctor Hollister," a solemn voice this, deep-pitched.

Philip grinned to himself in spite of the depressed state of his feelings.

"Oh, no, Mr. Pymm," said Theodore. "Mr. Harrington is an old friend. He will be down presently and then we shall have the mystery solved."

"And it will be *so* simple, when it *is* explained," another voice said brightly.

"Oh, very simple," commented the miserable young man on the stairs, "just a simple lie."

"There is no mystery about it," he knew Mrs. Hobbes' voice now. "Miss Rose has no nephew. Doctor Hollister must have misunderstood his friend."

Here was a suggestion of a way out of it: but it would give the Hobbes contingent a right to say 'I told you so' to Theodore and Theodore's sister.

"What a diabolical old woman that is," he thought wrathfully of the respected Mrs. Hobbes. "She acts as

if she had bought up the town and just allowed other folks to live here. I remember Theodore said she was the —Good Heavens!"—with a sudden thought—"I might have selected her for my aunt!" He sat stunned by the narrowness of that escape for some minutes until roused by a consciousness of something wrong down below. Conversation was certainly languishing. Evidently the guests were unable to bring their minds to ordinary topics while the problem of Miss Rose's relative was unsolved. He had succeeded in spoiling the harmony of Miss Hollister's musicale —that was evident, and added to the painful nature of his meditations. Moreover, it was getting late. Miss Rose was liable to arrive any instant and the first query thrown at her would elicit the truth. The thought of flight again arose attractively before him. A step would take him to the back stairs. The ancient relative who served Theodore as a housekeeper was in the kitchen. A word to her of a suddenly remembered, imperative engagement! What right had Theodore anyway to brag of a bachelor menage and then have it full of sisters and cousins.

He half rose. The gentle squeak of Theodore's front screen door —Marion's high, sweet voice uttering the fatal name!

She had come.

Philip arose, without volition on his part, and found himself descending the Hollister stairs in full view of an absorbed audience in the drawing-room. Marion stood smiling in the broad archway. The newcomer was allowing the maid to take the little shawl she had about her shoulders. She turned from the girl and came forward into the brighter light

"It's the *tapestry lady!*" cried Philip to himself, with sudden and incredulous delight

Two years before, at an afternoon concert, he had seen her, the same slender little woman, with faded roses in her cheeks and moonshiny hair. The same graceful little figure in the same gown of age-softened green with sloping shoulder lines. He had looked for her when the concert was over to beg her to sit for a portrait, but greatly to his disappointment had missed her. And here she was before him in Miss Hollister's flower-decked hall, with the gleam of softly shaded lamps shining down on the faded roses and her moonshiny hair. A pleasing consciousness that virtue is its own reward flitted through his mind.

Miss Rose, turning from Marion's pleasant greeting, found a tall young man beside her.

"How do you do, Aunt Rose?" he said, and then at something in the startled eyes she raised to him he bent his tall head and kissed her.

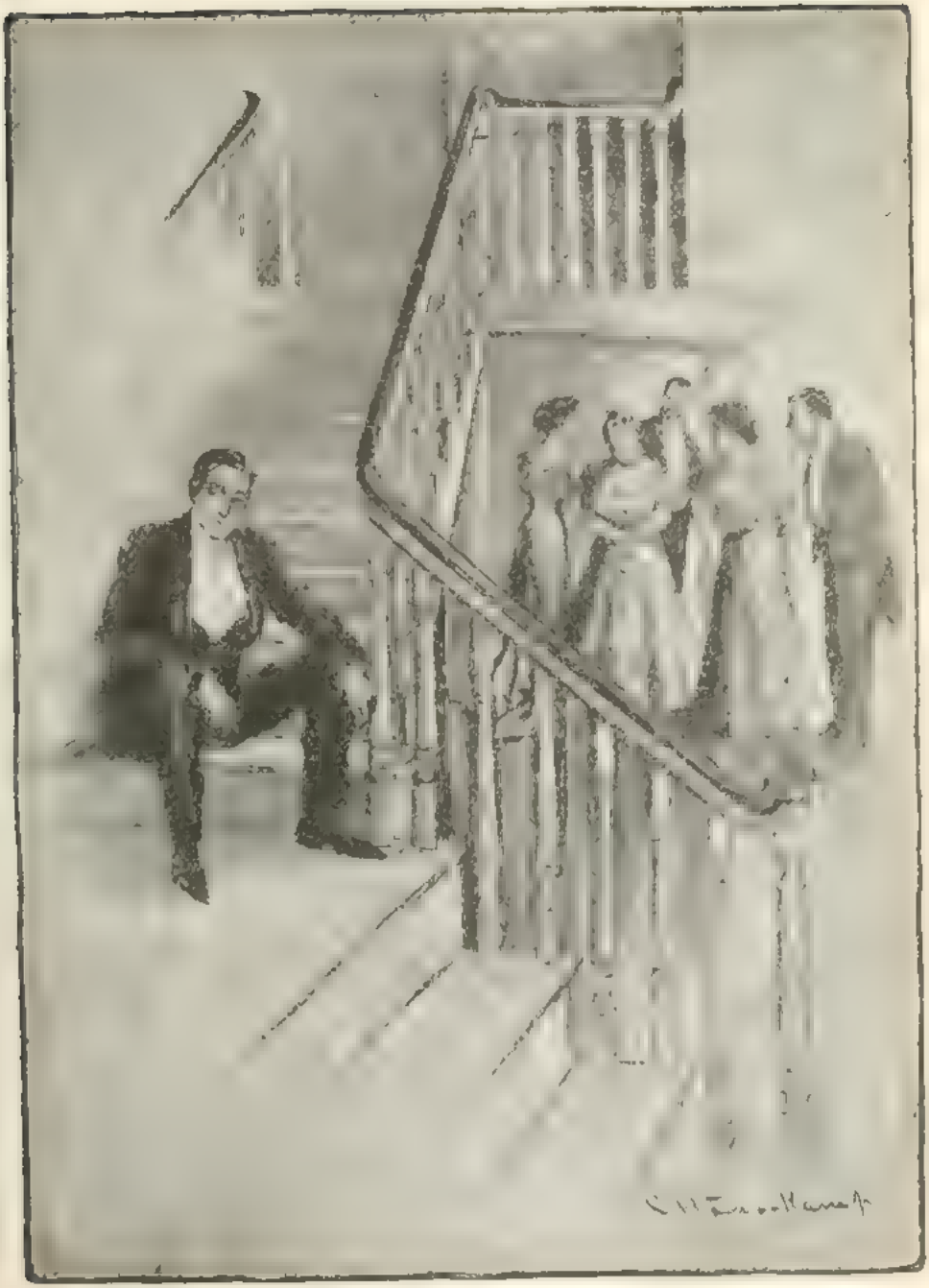
Don't disown me," he whispered.

He had not calculated on the scenic effect, but he instantly appreciated it. A positive gasp of surprise went through Miss Hollister's guests.

Mrs. Hobbes' face assumed a purple hue. Young Dr. Hobbes said, "Well, by Jove!" audibly, and looked at Miss Adams, whose shadow he was, but she only looked back amiable surprise at his surprise. Mr. Pymm decided that he had made a mistake in suggesting an imposter. Each guest tried to recall what he or she had said and was self-congratulatory or regretful according to circumstances.

On the whole, a feeling of pleasure prevailed. The Hobbes faction had suffered a setback, and though Farringford submitted docilely, even affectionately, to the Hobbes domination it was not above feeling a gentle glow when it tottered.

In a daze Miss Rose walked down the long drawing-room with the distinguished-looking youth beside her. Something new in the greetings of lifelong acquaintances impressed her faintly. Only one thing was clear in her mind—this boy, with the frank eyes, had asked her not to disown him and she would not. Even after he had found her a seat on a little sofa rather apart from the others and had placed himself beside her, she was quite unable to grasp more than this one idea, so when a thin creature with a nervous expression and a voice that soared above all conversation called across to



HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN SETTING THE HARD[illegible] OF MISS HOLLISTER'S MISCALE

her, "Why didn't you tell us that you expected your nephew, Miss Rose?" she answered gently, "I did not expect him," and looked up at Philip to see if that were right.

"Philip, my boy," said Mr. Harrington to himself, "Your taste in aunts is unequalled." He delighted in her grace and quaintness, her gentle speaking and trustful eyes. He felt a most unwarrantable pride in his own performance.

Other questions were imminent, but Marion asked Jane to sing, and Jane, smiling regretfully at Dr. Hobbes, trailed her white draperies pianoward.

"You needn't look so heart-broken," said Theodore, as he found her music, "you can go back to him."

"If only some one doesn't get my chair," murmured Jane.

"What will you sing?" inquired Dr. Hollister, shortly

"Something Scotch, I think," said Jane. "Dr. Hobbes likes Scotch music."

"The only fault with this musicale," said Theodore, as he seated himself to play her accompaniment, "is that Marion didn't invite enough—Hobbeses," and he banged out the opening chords of Jane's song with an emphasis quite foreign to the spirit of the composition.

"I understand," said Miss Rose. Philip's story was finished. She sat thinking for a little while, and he watched her with some secret anxiety. He did not want the tapestry lady to think badly of him.

"I am sorry you had to tell a—what wasn't true, Mr. Harrington," she said, "but—" a very little smile came over her face, "how surprised they were. It really is amusing, I think, but—" with a shade of anxiety, "we can't keep on deceiving them."

"We need not deceive them an instant longer," declared Philip, with instant decision. "And we need not tell them either." He paused a moment with becoming modesty before he launched his next remark, then bent forward and spoke with boyish eagerness.

"Why won't you be my aunt, Miss Rose?" he said. Very much startled Miss Rose looked.

"Why, Mr. Harrington——" she began.

"Adopted aunt, I mean, of course," he broke in. "I have always wanted an aunt. I don't see why I can't have one. There must be enough aunts to go around, and I choose you."

Miss Rose sat flushing and paling like a girl, her eyes on her clasped hands, and thought of what it would mean to have someone who really belonged to her, some one like this boy, to break down a gap now and then in the loneliness that hedged her in until sometimes she could not see over it

"I don't know, my dear," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

"Why, yes, you do," he said, with gay relief in his voice "You would not call me 'my dear' if I were not your nephew. And, you know, Aunt Rose, I fell in love with you two years ago," and he told her about the concert, while she looked up at him in amazed delight.

With the close of Jane's song, Mrs. Hobbes arose. She shook out her purple silk skirt and settled the real lace that decorated her person. Then she stepped heavily across to the little sofa where Miss Rose sat. Other guests, moving here and there, looking at pictures and chatting, gravitated in twos and threes toward that end of the room

"I've come over to meet your nephew," said Mrs. Hobbes, ominously, and Miss Rose spoke gently, "Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Hobbes."

"Harrington?" said Mrs. Hobbes, sitting down in the seat Philip had vacated for her. "I did not know there were any Harringtons in your family."

"Philip is not my own nephew," said Miss Rose, placidly, "but it pleases me to call him my nephew." and Philip hugged himself with pride and joy before he said:

"How very well Miss Adams sings. Do you remember, Aunt Rose, at that concert two years ago the soprano sang that second song of Miss Adams?"

"Yes," assented Miss Rose, quite unmindful of the lie by inference contained in her new nephew's remark, and happy to recall a delightful memory. "How beautiful it was!"

"It seems very odd you never mentioned Mr. Harrington," said Mrs. Hobbes.

"Does it?" said Miss Rose, gently.

Mrs. Hobbes flushed. "I'm sure we have been nice enough to her," she thought. "She couldn't expect me to entertain her when she never has anything to wear."

"We all denied that you had a nephew," she said, with an unpleasant twang in her voice, "and now it turns out that he is not your nephew."

"Oh, yes, he is, Mrs. Hobbes," said Miss Rose quickly. It seemed to her that something was being taken from her.

"Of course I am," laughed Philip. "I am going to take her to New York with me to worry over the dust in my studio."

Mr. Pymm ambled up just as Philip finished his remark.

"There is a strong family resemblance between you and your nephew, Miss Rose," he said, oracularly; "a very strong resemblance."

"But——" began Mrs. Hobbes, only to find her voice struggling vainly against a crashing piano duet performed by her own daughters.

A smile that could be felt, not seen, went through the little groups within hearing. Mrs. Hobbes relapsed into purple and majestic silence.

"That was very nice," said Miss Rose to her neighbor, as the final chords left a hush in the air. She felt a new and pleasing ease in Mrs. Hobbes' presence, born of the certainty that that august lady would not in the future drop familiar comment on her narrow life and means from the height of a handsome income and a family. She felt a glow at her own composure. Old neighbors, catching her glances, smiled at her, seeing her from a new standpoint, and beside her chair stood the handsome boy who had chosen to belong to her, talking and laughing with his friend's guests, but finding time, every little while, to look at her with eyes that understood.

The other guests had gone. Mrs. Hobbes, departing, had cast a cold glance at her back-door neighbor, still lingering in the drawing room, but her daughters had smiled amiable farewells. Philip had made himself very agreeable to the Farringford young people.

"You were really the life of the party, Phil," said Theodore.

"You were, Mr. Harrington, and I am correspondingly grateful," said Marion, glancing around the empty room; "entertaining in a little town isn't so easy after all, and Theodore really wasn't much help. You ought to have been particularly nice to Dr. Hobbes, Theodore, and you were not."

"I devoted my time to guests who were receiving less attention than Dr. Hobbes," said Theodore.

"I don't know what ailed every one at first," sighed Marion, "Everything seemed so strained, and why did Mrs. Hobbes act so injured?"

"I don't like that Hobbes woman," said Jane, with unaccustomed vigor and great lack of manners.

"Her son is my professional opponent," explained Theodore to Philip, "which accounts for Miss Adams' very proper sentiment" He looked down at Jane, who was a lovely oblique white line in a Morris chair

"But really," said Marion, "why does she think she cannot be mistaken? Her insisting that Miss Rose had no nephew—how absurd that was!"

Philip cleared his throat. He looked with a smile into the anxious eyes of the tapestry lady.

"Well, you see, Miss Hollister," he began, "there is some excuse for her. The relationship is very recent."

Marion came back from her retrospective glances around the room. Jane sat up in her Morris chair, and Theodore gazed in amazement at his friend

"What do you mean, Phil?" he demanded. "I thought all the time there was something wrong."

"There isn't anything wrong," said Philip, with decision. "It is all very right. But I didn't know you had a party when I dropped down on you, and

naturally I didn't want to inconvenience everybody——" Light came suddenly to Theodore.

"And Miss Rose isn't your aunt," he cried.

"Yes, she is," said Philip, quickly, "but she wasn't when I first claimed her."

"What do you mean?" said the three together

Philip smiled again at his new aunt. "I saw her first two years ago at a concert," he explained, "and tried to find her when it was over. I wanted to paint her. I missed her then, but tonight, driven by necessity, and remembering her name only of all your patients, I claimed her as my aunt. You may call it simple unveracity. I call it fate. I have no one else who belongs to me. She is my ideal of an aunt, and I am going to keep her." He bent over the slender little figure with the moonshiny hair and the young eyes. "It's all right, isn't it, Aunt Rose?" he said.

"It is beautiful," said Marion, in an uncertain voice, and she brushed the rose she held across her eyes.

Theodore went into the other room and came back with five crystal glasses of clear water.

"Punch won't do for this toast," he said, "even non-intoxicating claret punch." He handed one to each of them.

"I give you Philip's Aunt," he said, and they drank the toast standing.

THE LILAC

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE scent of lilac in the air
Hath made him drag his steps and pause;
Whence comes this scent within the Square,
Where endless dusty traffic roars?
A push cart stands beside the curb,
With fragrant blossoms laden high;
Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb
His sudden reverie!

SHELBURNE

BY JOSEPHINE FREDEA

"Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?"

THE story of Shelburne is recorded in history, but no historian could do justice to the theme. What dreams of high ambition, what bold projects for a great city which should do honor to British loyalty, have here been cherished! What scenes of gaiety and high hope, of disaster and deep despair, have here been enacted!

There had been an early French settlement near the entrance to Shelburne Harbor but, between pirates and hostile New Englanders, life became too wretched for endurance and all was deserted.

In 1765, Colonel Alexander McNutt received a grant of land at Port Razoir, as Shelburne was then called. He named the place New Jerusalem and with several Scotch-Irish families sought to make a home worthy of so fine a name. Having failed to fulfil the conditions of his grant, his lands were escheated in 1782.

Details of the conflict which preceded the arrival of the Loyalists in Shelburne are unnecessary. In New York, for five years the refuge of the friends of England from all the revolted colonies, the news of the surrender of Cornwallis was received with grief and despair. To the vast crowd of Loyalists assembled there the tidings seemed like the knell of doom, all the more dreaded because undefined. Even before the signature of the treaty of peace, many prominent Loyalists were anxiously planning the establishment of new homes elsewhere under the British flag. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia thus received thousands of the ablest and most highly-educated men in the revolted colonies—men of iron will, indomitable energy and high principle,—men who played a most important part in the development of our country and whose descendants include illustrious names of world-wide reputation for their literary, diplomatic or military genius.

At this crisis, then, was born the movement which resulted in the settlement of Shelburne. During the autumn of 1782 an agreement was made among upwards of a hundred heads of families to emigrate to Nova Scotia. Acting on the advice of Captain Gideon White, they turned their gaze toward the shore of that beautiful harbor which then bore the name of Port Roseway. Delegates were appointed to interview Governor Parr at Halifax and make all necessary arrangements for the proposed settlement. So cordial was the reception of these delegates by the Governor and Council and so favorable the accounts of the farming and fruit-growing capabilities of the proposed location, that the delegates at once made most glowing reports. They were assured that the site chosen was the best in the province for trade fishing and farming and must eventually become one of the "capital ports" of America. The Government promised them substantial aid, and no less than twenty square-rigged ships and several schooners, convoyed by men-of-war, set sail in the early spring for Port Roseway. On board these vessels were five thousand Loyalist refugees from different points of the new Republic. In May, 1783, they sailed up the beautiful land-locked harbor, and near its headwaters, on a

lovely stretch of land nestling at the foot of encircling hills, they disembarked and began the construction of what was intended to be the greatest city in the New World. The location was of the finest, the harbor unsurpassed on the Atlantic coast. The forests were over-run with moose, caribou, deer, partridge and game of every description. The rivers abounded in salmon, trout and alewives and the sea yielded rich harvests of cod, herring, mackerel, lobsters and many other fish equally toothsome and delicious. The flag of Old England was above them, the land was theirs by royal grant and McNutt's dream of a New Jerusalem seemed to have fair promise of fulfilment.

The new city was planned on a most generous scale with broad streets and spacious squares. Large buildings were erected for Governmental purposes. Barracks were built on the west side of the harbor, five hundred soldiers were stationed here and the daylight gun was regularly fired from war-ships in the harbor. When Governor Parr a year later visited the city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a lavish sum for those days. They entertained the Governor right royally and changed the name of the gay capital to Shelburne in honor of England's premier. The first settlers were people of distinction and wealth. They brought the material for their houses from New York—frames of oak that would endure for centuries,—with stairways and furniture of solid mahogany, and mantels of marble. They furnished their houses in harmonious style and they brought with them their slaves to perform the labor, for a large proportion of these people were of superior social rank and wholly unaccustomed to the arduous toil necessary to the emigrant in a new country. A city of three thousand houses sprang up as if by magic and the population soon numbered 16,000. Among the later arrivals there were not a few undesirable characters, and during the winter rations were issued by the British Government to about 9,000 people.

Though the city was gay with the pomp and circumstance of a military and naval occupation, yet the winter brought much hardship and suffering and closed with an ominous graveyard. Great discussion arose over the allotment of land; the imposition of heavy duties by the Provincial Government was another heavy grievance; the jealousy of rival towns, the lack of farming land, the presence of great numbers of men unfamiliar with methods of settlement in the wilderness and unable to pursue or to appreciate the value of the fisheries, interfered sadly with the progress of the city. The number of liquor shops was enormous; in this town of three thousand houses there were no less than three hundred liquor stores. Next came a tremendous storm, doing great damage to wharves and shipping.

But the day of reckoning was at hand. In the autumn of 1787, when the Government supplies were cut off, there was a wild stampede of those who could not or would not live without them. The decline of Shelburne was as rapid and complete as its rise had been brilliant and full of promise. Within a few years the population was reduced to three hundred. A few of the best families remained, notably that of Captain White whose descendants are influential and honored residents of a new Shelburne the foundations of which do not rest on the shifting sands of an artificial "boom."

Many of the old houses were taken down and removed to other places, some were used for firewood, but quite a number of the original dwellings are still standing and good for many a year to come. How full of painful memories must the place have been to those who from choice or necessity still clung to it! On street after street were the vacant homes of once intimate friends. On every side were mementoes of the past. Silent and deserted stood the Merchant's Coffee House where gay weekly assemblies had held high revelry; where a grand ball had been given in honor of royalty Not far distant was "The Bridge"

once the fashionable promenade of the place, where on summer evenings the military bands had played the music of the day. Beyond, unchanged and beautiful as ever, stretched the clear waters of that matchless harbor, but empty now of all the gallant fleet which so short a time before had made it the centre of naval and military splendor.

The sorrows and sufferings of those old Loyalists provide ample material for one of the most sadly dramatic chapters in modern history. Connected therewith are tales quite as touching as that of Evangeline, and true withal. The visitor to Shelburne may find an almost inexhaustible store of interesting documents and relics which are retained in the possession of some of the old families. There are letters of marque and reprisal, bills of sale of slaves, a treaty with the Indian chiefs signed by emblems instead of written characters, divisions of privateer spoils, Waterloo subscriptions, rebel passes, receipts of duty paid by gay gallants for hair powder, an account by an eye-witness of the great sea-fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, and scores of others. There is a permit signed by Admiral Digby authorising Captain White of the sloop "Polly" to bring up to Boston Miss Penelope Windslow (Is not the name delicious?) "her wearing apparel and other appurtenances," and directing him to provide "cheese, potatoes, and other articles for her sustenance" during the voyage. The stranger who can spend a week in Shelburne without becoming enthusiastically interested in its historic and scenic attractions, must be both deaf and blind. No city on the American continent has a history so unique and fascinating.

The Shelburne of to-day is a quiet little town of nearly three thousand inhabitants. She is building her fortunes on a sure foundation and the growth of the town in late years has been a healthy one. For shipbuilding of all sorts she is justly famous; her fast yachts and motor boats are well-known and comprise all that is latest and best in their line. Her trade in fish and other commodities is very considerable. She is also building up with the United States an extensive trade in building and monumental stone. Her quarries yield a very beautiful granite, said to be fully equal to the output of the famous Barrie quarries in Vermont. The Congregational Church in Yarmouth and the new Post Office in Shelburne are built of stone from the Shelburne quarries.

The streets here are specially beautiful because of the large number of magnificent old trees. One hoary giant, planted in 1783, could easily shelter under its spreading branches a whole regiment of soldiers.

For yachting, Shelburne Harbor has few equals in the world. The Yacht Club owns a fine property on the water front with deep water right up to the landing-stage. The ground floor has dressing-rooms and boat-house, while on the second floor is a ball-room finished in polished hard-woods with an open fire-place and balcony overlooking the water. The Club House is open every evening to members and guests; there is all the latest literature, a fine piano, a gymnasium, etc., and tourists may enjoy the privileges of the Club at a nominal cost.

The old Firth House on King Street, is one of the show places. It is still occupied but the ancient timepiece in the hall, the heavy mahogany furniture standing primly against the walls, indeed practically all the furnishings are exactly as they were over a hundred years ago.

Ten miles long by three wide, entirely land-locked, with water deep enough for the largest craft afloat, with a location in every way more advantageous for commerce than is possessed by the principal shipping ports of our time, the magnificent harbor of Shelburne seems really the natural gateway to the province.

THE FLOUR BARREL

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

From the May "Metropolitan Magazine"

NOT long ago the *Manitoba Free Press* sent to each of a number of representative American publications a souvenir of Western Canada in the form of a miniature barrel. It is a pretty bit of workmanship, complete to its wooden hoops, and as a toy would delight the heart of a child. But the inscription it bears takes it out of the domain of children's toys and makes it the striking symbol of a great nation. This is the inscription: "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion Four Hundred Miles South of the Arctic Circle."

The booklet that accompanies the barrel explains that on its journey from the mill this flour travelled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson's Bay stern-wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabasca and across to the mouth of the Athabasca River, thence by the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing, nearly four hundred miles in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton, and from Edmonton it travelled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg. From Fort Vermilion to Minneapolis is 2,280 miles; to Chicago 2,690 miles; to New York 3,603 miles—and fifty years ago John H. Klippart, whose book on the "Wheat Plant" is still in many respects authoritative, stated that the northern and western boundaries of Ohio marked the limits of the wheat producing area of Northern America!

Here then is the tale the barrel tells: because the wheat staved not within its ancient boundaries a new country has arisen, a new member, bearing lavish gifts, has come into the family of nations.

For something like five thousand years wheat has satisfied the hunger of mankind. In the tombs of the men who reaped and wrought, loved and hated, lived and died in ancient Egypt, grains of it have been found, and down through the years that history has gathered into her grasp, the record of the people has had to do with the growing and the grinding of wheat. The wider the areas of civilization become the larger grows the number of those who have learned to know white bread, and the dependence of the people upon the wheat continually increases. Shortages in the supply have made and unmade governments and caused wars that changed the map of the world. To-day huge buildings in the great cities are devoted to buying and selling this grain, and men "make or break" according to the size of the visible supply in the wheat growing areas of the world. Whole railway systems are built to carry the wheat crops and yet always there are men and nations, Oliver Twist-like, asking for more.

The number of people in the world is increasing so rapidly and the standard of living is being so rapidly raised that to the most superficial thinker it was evident long since that the old wheat-growing countries, Russia and Egypt, the Argentines and the United States were not going to be equal to furnishing a tithe of what would soon be needed. Malthus, and others of his thinking, advocated a hundred years ago and more, what we call

"race suicide," as the only solution, and they proved by facts and figures that in the natural order of things the increase in the production of breadstuffs could not keep up with the population. It was a very plausible and most depressing theory they formulated.

But Malthus and his followers had not all the factors of the problem. They were reckoning without Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan They could not "keep their eye on Winnipeg" and what she points the way to, while they figured. That much-epitheted city, "the gateway to the West," "the buckle of the wheat belt" did not exist. As far as the world was concerned there was no Canadian West. Nor was it given to Malthus and his followers to see in visions a wheat belt stretching northwesterly from the great lakes on and up to where the famous Peace River wheat paints the ground pale gold. To a world wanting white bread and wanting it not only for themselves but for their children and their children's children the little flour barrel is the bearer of a message of the utmost significance.

For more than two centuries Canada, between the Pacific and the Great Lakes, was of interest to the outside world only as a source of stirring tales of adventure and of handsome furs. The population within these bounds asked nothing better than to remain unknown and undisturbed, and as late as fifty years ago this state of affairs was little changed. With the exception of a small settlement of Scotch in the Red River Valley in Manitoba, the few people that were in the country lived by hunting and trapping, and agriculture was left to the missionaries and to the Hudson's Bay Company factors whose small patches bore witness to the richness of the soil.

Finally came the confederation of Canada and the railroad to connect the provinces of the East with far-away British Columbia. The men who built the Canadian Pacific Railway were thought by the people in general to be fools, for the people in general did not know that the prairies stretching for nine hundred miles along the route were not semi-arid and, at least, fit only for grazing cattle, as popularly believed, but were of a most surprising fertility and capable of supporting a population as large or larger than that of the States to the south. They did not know that thirty and forty and even fifty bushels of wheat had been harvested from a single acre. But such were the facts and the true state of things had only to be advertised to the world and a great migration began.

As far as the fertility of the soil was concerned it was simply a question of informing ignorance, but in regard to the climate the most positive and persistent and erroneous ideas prevailed. Because Canada was north of the United States it was cold. That was the fundamental reasoning with the majority of Americans until reports began to come back of a wonderful wind that came from the West and found its way through the passes in the mountains and put the cold to flight, and of days eighteen hours long and every hour full of the most glorious sunshine, and of an air so packed with ozone and so free from damp that one had to look at the thermometer to realize that it was winter.

In 1900 Colonel A. D. Davidson, a Canadian who had lived most of his life in the United States, recrossed the forty-ninth parallel into the silent hoodooed prairies of Western Canada. He looked about him and what he saw inspired big thoughts. "This land," he declared, "is going to be a vast field of wheat. It is worth more than the unmined gold fields of the Yukon. It will make Canada great and rich." This announcement heralded a new frontier, which a Yankee newspaper man in a happy phrase designated, a little later, as "The Last West."

It is the last West and it is a West that holds in its possession mines and forests, fish and furs, and—making all this other vast wealth as nothing in comparison—an almost limitless stretch of wheat land. It is not strange that

from the older crowded countries many men and women are going to Canada, and that the majority of the immigrants settle in the west. The three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which eight or ten years ago had a combined population of some 200,000, now have more than 800,000. The following table shows the increase of immigration in the last six years and shows also a very interesting phase of the situation, the increase in the number of English speaking immigrants:

Year	Total Immigrants	English Speaking
1901	49,000	31,000
1902	67,000	46,000
1903	124,000	89,000
1904	131,000	98,000
1905	150,000	118,000
1906	216,000	164,000
1907	280,000	210,000

In the bringing in of all this population and in opening up new territories for settlement, the railroads have played a most important part. At first, the newcomers stuck close to the main line of the Canadian Pacific until that pioneer road began to push out branches in all directions, when they quickly followed in its wake. Then, eleven years ago, came the Canadian Northern which stretched its long tentacles far to the north of the older road, right into the wilderness, bringing life and crops and towns wherever it touched. Now the new government road, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is taking its course straight across the prairie, while eager eyes watch its growth ready to settle in its territory and raise wheat to ship in its new red cars.

Villages, towns, cities have sprung up beside the shining rails, and the first large building in most of them was a grain elevator. But the farmers had to be supplied with all the necessities of life so that each shipping point for wheat became also a distributing centre for its district. Stores, hotels, warehouses, and even factories appeared across the track from the elevator and a town equipped with all the complex machinery of modern commerce stood where yesterday an Indian camp fire burned. The older settlements, because of the enormous wheat territory each held tributary to it, rapidly developed into real cities with business far out of proportion to the size of their population.

This growth has been the result of no transitory "boom," in fact, some early booms that broke, as is the way of booms, leaving ruin behind them, taught the Western Canadian a lesson and every effort has been made to hold things within bounds. Even so, the growth in population, in products, in railroads and in business generally, has been like that of a snowball rolling down a hillside, collecting a larger amount of snow at each new revolution. Thus each year has added more than any previous year to the growth of Western Canada

Last year, 1907, was no exception to the rule, although the severe winter made it a bad year for most agricultural countries. The average yield of wheat per acre was, indeed, smaller than is usual in Western Canada but it was about fifteen bushels which is considered very good in older wheat countries like Russia and the United States. Then the high price more than made up for the smaller yield. The total wheat crop for the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was seventy-five million bushels for an acreage of about five million This sold at an average price of sixty-five cents a bushel bringing some fifty million dollars into the farmers' pockets. In addition to the wheat there were 84 000,000 bushels of oats, 20,000,000 bushels of barley and about 1,000,000 bushels of other grains which added $48,000,000 to the revenue of the grain farmers. An interesting corollary of the large grain crops is the activity that was shown in the building of flour mills during this same year. On December 31, 1906, the mills west of Lake Superior had a total capacity of 32,677 barrels. One year later this capacity had been increased nearly forty per cent., the increase represent-

ing seventeen new mills and three enlargements, distributed as follows:

	Barrels.
Northwestern Ontario	10,500
Manitoba	100
Saskatchewan	825
Alberta	1,850
British Columbia	325
TOTAL	13,600
Capacity Dec. 31, 1906	32,677
TOTAL at present	46,277

One oatmeal mill of two hundred barrels capacity has also been built in Alberta, bringing the total in that class up to 1,115 barrels, and there are also feed mills having a capacity of 3,290 barrels in Western Canada. Four of the flour mills are unusually large and are equipped with the best machinery money can buy. Even the smallest of them are fully modern and capable of making the best flour.

The *Northwestern Miller* of Minneapolis, which compiled these figures, says: "The fact that Western Canada has carried out such a large construction program this year shows that there is some warrant for the opinion which has become firmly established in flour importing countries, that Canada is to figure more largely hereafter in the world's flour trade. In both trans-Pacific and trans-Atlantic countries there will be an increasing quantity of Canadian flour offering as a result of the construction of these new mills. When the difficulties that hamper transportation in Canada have been removed, as they are sure to be before long, there will be nothing to prevent a steady and profitable trade between the prairie provinces of the west and all parts of the world where American flour is in demand."

The transportation problem is being solved as fast as men, steam shovels, track carrying machines, and equipment factories can build road-beds and turn out engines and cars. During the year ending in November, 1907, nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroad were completed west of the Great Lakes and another fifteen hundred were under construction.

The Canadian Pacific built five hundred and seventy miles of road the most important part being the line from Straasburg past the upper end of Last Mountain Lake through Saskatoon. This line will be completed to Wetaskiwin on the Calgary-Edmonton branch before the end of this year. A good long start was made on the line from Moose Jaw northwestward to Stettler to join the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Lacombe. When these two lines are completed at the end of this year the Canadian Pacific will have, with its main line, three almost parallel lines across the richest wheat district in the world.

The Canadian Northern built two hundred and seventy-five miles of road, the most notable achievement being the completion of the direct line from Winnipeg through Brandon to Regina, connecting with the Regina-Prince Albert branch. This gives this company three lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, including between them a roughly described segment of a great circle of magnificent agricultural lands. The Hudson Bay division was graded from Etoimami to the Pas and during the past winter the rails have been laid preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill

The new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, completed five hundred and sixty-five miles of new road in addition to an immense amount of construction work all along the seven hundred miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The road-bed westward from Portage la Prairie was graded into Edmonton, and the steel laid as far west as Saskatoon, bringing the completed mileage between Winnipeg and Edmonton up to three hundred and twenty. By autumn of this year the trains will be running between these two cities. Early in 1908 the contract for one hundred miles west of Edmonton was let for $5,000,000 and the grading is now under way, so that by the time the construction trains reach Edmonton the road-bed will be ready

for them to push on toward the Yellow Head Pass. The whole transcontinental line from Moncton on the Atlantic, to Prince Rupert, the new town owned by the company on the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles is to be completed by December 1, 1911.

The future holds some very interesting possibilities for Western Canada in the way of new routes to foreign countries. The effect of these on the growth of cities and channels of trade will surely be great. If Prince Rupert, the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific stands at the eastern end of the shortest route to Asiatic ports, what will be the effect of the completion of this road on the towns along its line? The Canadian Northern is rapidly pushing a branch from its Prince Albert division to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. Fort Churchill is on tidewater somewhat nearer than Montreal to Liverpool, and averages nine hundred and sixty-seven miles nearer the cities of Western Canada than Montreal. When the Panama Canal is finished it will be cheaper to ship from points west of the middle of Saskatchewan, via Vancouver, the terminal of the Canadian Pacific, and the canal to Europe than by the present way via Lake Superior and Montreal. This route will be open all the year round and the shorter Hudson Bay route will be closed part of each winter. It would take a wise head, indeed, to prophesy the exact effect of the opening of all these new channels of trade But it is easier for any observer to see that as fast as each one is open there will be plenty of business for it. The Canadian prairies are capable of producing a billion bushels of wheat each year and the railroads and ship lines will not only have to export this vast mass of grain, but will have to bring in materials for the industries and provisions for the cities. In short, do the carrying for the population required to cultivate such a crop.

With the growth in the country population and the increase in transportation facilities, there has been a corresponding development in the towns and cities. Winnipeg, the largest city in Western Canada, increased in population from 101,057 in 1906 to 111,717 in 1907. Calgary and Edmonton continued their growth of from three to four thousand a year so that Calgary now has some twenty-two thousand and Edmonton over eighteen thousand people. Regina, Moose Jaw and the smaller cities increased in proportion while a number of brand new towns sprang up along the new lines of railroads. The building operations kept pace with the growth in population. Winnipeg issued building permits for $6,455,350 and her assessment increased from $80,511,725 to $106,188 833. In the wholesale district a number of warehouses can be seen with a streak running round them between the old bricks and the new, where additional stories have been put on; and the old bricks are not more than two or three years old in most cases, only just enough soiled to mark the line of division. The very general activity of business is shown in the bank clearings which amounted to $608,000,000, an increase of twenty per cent. over those of 1906. The bank clearings of all the western cities showed a substantial increase in the volume of business transacted.

During the last few years there has been a marked increase in the manufactories of this region; in fact, it is not such a very long time since there were no factories at all between eastern Ontario and British Columbia. Almost unnoticed, industries began to creep into the towns, until last year Winnipeg woke up and found itself the fourth manufacturing city of Canada, and no one was more surprised than the loyal Winnipegger himself. In 1906 Winnipeg put out about $18,000,000 in manufactured products and during 1907 a rolling mill, brickyard and other industries were added to the city's factories. We have already noticed the enormous increase in the flour mills in the west; almost every industry made large strides and

some entirely new ones were established. Especially noteworthy were the building of a million-dollar packing plant at Edmonton by an American firm, because it is the first step in the invasion of this country by American packing interests, and the establishment of a woolen mill at Lethbridge, because this is the first step in the establishment of textile factories west of Ontario.

In spite of the growth of manufactories, Western Canada is still obliged to import the greater part of the manufactured products which it consumes. It gets much from the factory districts of Eastern Canada, but the East is not able to supply the Canadian market by any means. The imports of the country have increased steadily, as indeed have the exports, the chief items among the latter being the products of the forest, of the mines and of agriculture. The following table shows the increase in the trade of Canada in the last forty years, the large increase since 1890 being largely attributed to the development of the west.

ada stood the test nobly. The crops were so good that, with the high prices, they brought the normal amount of money into the country and business was merely slowed down by the money situation. Immigration was larger than ever before and development in all lines went on steadily and serenely, regardless of the financial difficulties in other countries. This expanse of prairie stretching nine hundred miles east and west from the Great Lakes to the Rockies and three hundred miles north from the United States boundary has proved, under hard trial, that the rapid growth of railroads, the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of settlers and the phenomenal building of towns and cities have been justified.

And all of this progress, the cheerful rush of new settlers, the making of the towns into cities and of small cities into larger ones, the new industries springing up and the old ones increasing their scope, the financial soundness of the country, the energy and enterprise of the railroads, all of it goes back, in the last analysis, to the wheat. Be-

The value of total exports and imports and goods entered for consumption in the Dominion, with the duty collected thereon, is as follows for the years indicated:

Fiscal Year Ended	Import	Exports	Entered for Consumption	Duties
June 30, 1868	$57 567 888	$73 459 641	$71 985 306	$8,819 431
" 30, 1880	87 011 458	86 489 747	71 782 309	14 178 849
" 30, 1890	96 749 149	121 858 241	113 765 584	24 014 908
" 30, 1900	191 89[illegible],723	189 622 513	180 80[illegible],316	28 889 110
" 30 1902	211,040 280	2[illegible],270,158	202 791,595	32 425 532
" 30, 1905	293 310 872	266 83[illegible] 417	261 [illegible],351	42 024 359
" 30 1906	256 586,630	294 280 015	290 360 807	46 671,101
March 30, 1907*	205 277,197	259 780 007	257 254 882	40 290 171

*Change of Fiscal Year, nine months.

The year 1907 was a very trying one in almost all parts of the globe. The peculiarly severe and late winter was disastrous to crops, and money was "tight," a bad combination for all the agricultural countries. Western Canada stood the test nobly. The crops were so good that, with the high prices, they brought the normal amount of money into the country and business was merely slowed down by the money situation. Immigration was larger than ever before and development in all lines went on steadily and serenely, regardless of the financial difficulties in other countries. This expanse of prairie stretching nine hundred miles east and west from the Great Lakes to the Rockies and three hundred miles north from the United States boundary has proved, under hard trial, that the rapid growth of railroads, the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of settlers and the phenomenal building of towns and cities have been justified.

And all of this progress, the cheerful rush of new settlers, the making of the towns into cities and of small cities into larger ones, the new industries springing up and the old ones increasing their scope, the financial soundness of the country, the energy and enterprise of the railroads, all of it goes back, in the last analysis, to the wheat. Because of the wheat is the country great, the wheat that is ground into flour to make the people's bread. The message that the little barrel brings is a promise of future plenty and it comes straight from the Canadian wheat fields

McCARTHY'S MAJORITY

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

DRAWING BY VA-TIER L. BARNES. SEE FRONTISPIECE

I WAS speeding westward from Winnipeg across the great Canadian prairies, last summer, on a holiday trip to Banff, to view the Canadian Alps.

Arriving at Medicine Hat the train was met by a large crowd of ranchers, who were giving an ovation to a tall, stately-looking gentleman, well past middle age.

As the train pulled out a typical rancher entered the car I occupied and took a seat opposite mine. After he had stowed his grip and was comfortably seated, I enquired as to the identity of the distinguished personage the crowd had been cheering, as we pulled into the Hat.

"Oh, that was Senator McCarthy," he answered, and, after a sigh and with a faraway look in his eyes, continued; "I mind the first time he was elected to the Commons. I voted for him that trip, although I ain't got much time for them protection fellers, and he's one of the rankest that ever struck the range."

"He must be a fine man," I ventured, "when you would throw party to one side and support him."

"Well, I guess he's alright, as far as politicians go, but he ain't anything extra. It's some years now since that time I gave him my support, so I don't mind tellin' you how it happened," he volunteered with a conscious smile.

"They was six of us ridin' that summer on the Bar N. Amongst the bunch was a young Englishman with White-Chapel branded all over him, and an accent like a motherless foal

Jerking his head back in the direction of the Hat, he explained: "The Senator was pretty good to Dook. That is what we dubbed his nobs,—for he was all English, without a cross,—when he first fluttered into our midst, wearing a head-and-tail peaked cap, a blue sweater, and enough metal in his boots to start a foundry.

"Well, it was the summer that Dook was with us that McCarthy got the nomination, and we was all free-traders from the word go at the Bar N, but the Dook and he was a McCarthy man from the drop of the hat, whether it was free trade, protection or graft He'd helped Dook in the hour of need, and now Dook was agoin' to send back the dough-god, that Mac had cast upon the waters.

"McCarthy met Dook in town one day, and, just to josh him a bit, said: 'Dook, you must rope that bunch down at the Bar N, and lead 'em over'n our corral or we can't make the grade.'

"Well, sir, it would make you weep to hear Dook tryin' to talk politics, as he circled and crossed and tried to cut us out of the free trade bunch. Yes, sir, it was down-right pitiful

"One day at dinner as we was agoin' on about Governments, Reddy McLeod folded up half a flap-jack, give it a roll in the syrup pail, and, as he crowded the chunk of indigestion into his talkin' apparatus, he gulps out, 'Give us free trade like they have it in England.'

"Free trade like they 'ave hit hin Hingland,' repeated Dook in disgust 'Whoi, hin Lunnun hive seen 'underds hof hunemployed walkin' the streets cryin,' 'Give us bread hor give hus work,' Hi 'ave.'

" 'In London,' said Jim Boyd, the head-push; 'did you come from London, Ontario, Dook?'—with a wink at us

"'Lunnun, Hontario,' repeated Dook, with disgust; 'Lunnun, Hingland, Hold Country, hopposite Hireland—his that pline henough for you?'

"'I wasn't dead sartin of yer nationality,' gently replied Boyd. 'As a general thing Englishmen drop their aitches over-board before they arrive, but you must hev kept yours in your shirt pocket.'

'That afternoon Dook rode to town and had a conflab with his friend McCarthy, returning with a small square packet, which he placed carefully among his dunnage.

'At supper Dook was very silent, and for the first time since his arrival was the first to push his chair back from the table. After a few moments of abstraction he looked over at Jim Boyd and said: —

"Mr. Boyd, could Hi 'ave the use hov the hold cottage h'on the 'ill for a while? Hive received some bad news to-di'; my mother his dead hand my five sisters har coming hout to me, hand Hi was thinkin' we could live there huntil Hi got plices for them, hor perhaps they might get married—hor some of them—before Michaelmas.'

"'Sure thing,' said Boyd, heartily, 'Help yerself.'

'Well sir, we was all dead sorry fer Dook, and we each gave him a little, condolin' tale, but we was kinder glad too, for we was each goin' on our homesteads in the spring, and there wasn't one of us but had a farlin' fer anything in petticoats.

"Well sir, jist the name 'woman' will create havoc in a defunct volcano, and the Bar N bunk-house was no exception.

"Jimmy Graham was the keenest girl-trailer in our orphanage, and he asked Dook right off what age his sisters were, and what they looked like. Says Dook, 'the youngest his heighteen and the holdest twenty-six, but hif y'd look hat their likenesses they hall 'ked nearly the same hage.'

'Hev y' picters of 'em,' exclaimed Bill McNab, excited like; 'if y' hev I like to take a squint at 'em as I'm pretty good at sizin' up the weaker sect,' sez he, 'fer I had to leave the last town I was in to keep from bein' roped with their lariats of love.'

"'Hi 'ave 'em 'ere hin my dunnage,' Dook, an' he starts fer his turkey.

"Say, he pulled out five photos of the swellest lookin' girls y' ever clapped eyes on. Each one was a peacherino. Every man picked his picture, and, although he didn't shout it out, he'd made a mental calculation that they was only one girl in this world for him, and that was Dook's sister.

"Yes sir, they'd caught the weak heart for sure. Why, as all the boys said, they looked for all the world like the pictures of the show girls y' see in the papers, and as Reddy wondered when Dook went out to picket his cayuse for the night, as how any livin' woman could give birth to such slick lookin' females, and then turn around and inflict such a combination of cross brands as Dook.

"Dook had allus been a hard 'un to wake up in the mornin' and as a rule the boys jist dragged him out of his bunk, but next mornin' he wasn't even called; and when he did get up Reddy had all his chores done for him, apologetically remarking, 'It's pretty hard on a orphan like Dook to have his mother die.'

'Well, in fact we'd all got t'think we was so near related to Dook that we otter let him have things easy while he was a-mournin'.

'One night as we was 'rangin' our chairs around the table for a quiet game of poker Dook spoke up and says he: — Hi'd like to hinvite you chaps hover when my sisters harrive but they har very particular who they hassociate with, hif they found hout you gambled they would be sore hon me for hinvitin' you.'

'Well sir, sich a conflamergasted look came over our faces, but Jimmy Graham was ekel to the occasion, and he sings out —'That's right. I admire girls of that brand, I was allus brought up to shun evil; I never did fall until I came here, and I'm a quitter, straight.'

'Well sir, we all sided in with Jimmy although we knew he wasn't brought up

at all, jist growed, and rustled for husself, same as a range calf.

"'My sisters,' says Dook, 'his hall religion, and they har nearly hall missionaries in the Heast Hend, they collects money and then divides it with the needy hand hunemployed.'

"'Well,' says Reddy, 'I move that we each give ten cents a day to help the poor, and I further move that the Dook be treasurer, and that he uses said money as he deems fit, wherever it'll do the most good.'

'Well sir, us old ante nuptials unanimously agreed to go down in our dip to the extent of seventy cents each week for five weeks, to be applied for the needy and unemployed.

'Dook told us that he had written his sisters that Mr McCarthy, the man that was so kind to him when he first came out, was runnin' for Parliament and that they 'ad hanswered hand said, they 'oped 'e was helected', and that they should select their friends from amongst McCarthy's supporters.

'Buck McNab sings out almost afore Dook was through with his little yarn—'I intend stayin' with McCarthy; what Dook told me of the men out of work in the old country changed me.'

'"Well sir,' vocalized Reddy, 'to be on the rocks and no job in sight is a pretty bum proposition to run up against, and if that's free trade I'm with McCarthy, too.'

'I won't tell you what I said, but I can say this much, we all followed Buck and Reddy like pail-fed doggies.'

"The day the votes was pulled off was the day Dook's sisters was comin'. We was expectin' 'em on the fourten train, so we all put on our joyful togs, and cantered into town to vote for McCarthy, and, what was more important to meet our future brides.

'We lined up in a row at the pollin' booth like calves in a brandin' chute, waitin' our turn. After each man had made his mark, some one said, 'Where is the deah Dook?'—for Buck had insisted on nailin' on the deah since we was all to be related.

"At last we located the deah Dook pasturin' in the King Edward bar, and blowin' hisself with a couple of the Heast Hend contingent, and he wasn't doin' a thing but tossin' it into him at a two-a minute rate.

"Some of the boys said we should cut him out of that bunch or he wouldn't be fit to meet his pious sisters; but Jimmy says 'No, let him pitch away and we'll meet the girls and escort 'em to the cottage on the hill.'

'So Dook was left to pick his past while we hung 'round and swapped lies about the different girls that had wanted to glide over the matrimonial range with us.

'When the 4.10 train pulled in five expectant cow-boys stood on the platform, and when, five minutes later, the con. marconied the engineer to pull out there stood five of the most disappointedest rope-twisters y'ever seed. We all gazed at each other with a 'we've been stung' look, and Buck warbles 'Where is that deah Dook? I want to have a little talk with him, kinder pious, like his sisters talk,' sez he; so away we went to the King Edward.

'In answer to our enquiries of the dope-slinger he said, 'Dook 'd got so and they'd put him in the sample room. After we'd given him a few nib-rousers he sat up and blinked at us fer a whi' and Jimmy says 'Where's yes sister that was agoin' to habitate in the burg to-day?'

'Say, that beef-eatin' Saxon looked at us and showed his masticators, but when he saw we wouldn't stand for any more joshin' he began to articulate: 'Hi hintended tellin' chaps as 'ow Hi'd [illegible] the Hold Country, savin' [illegible] wasn't comin' till next helection but to give their respects to my mites hat the Bar Hen, hand say has [illegible] they hadmire their noble spirit but they must 'ave 'plucked a lemon hin the garden of love where they thought only peaches grew.'

"Say, I'd tell y' what the boys said but them ladies in the next seat might hear me.

"'Where's our missionary fund, you blow-hout hin their lives,' said Dook
"'Hi was to use my hown judgment, five,' said my travelling companion,
chaps said, hand Hi blew hut hon in answer to my question, as he reached
hose two poor chaps from White- for his grip and prepared to swing off at
chapel, as never had a real, bloomin' the next stati

THE PASSING OF WINTER

By W. P. Osborne

KING Frost hath vanished. Down the swift expanse
His giant bergs have jostled to the deep
With shock of thunder; every pendant lance
Hath splintered from the cliffs. Released from sleep
Earth stirs [illegible]
Through glistening [illegible]
A song of rivers running with increase
Of foam-wild waters, clamour in the vale
That [illegible]
And [illegible]
Young flowers [illegible]
Adorn the ash. The lonely mallard dives
Beneath the budding alder and soft bloom
Of water willow. Scented heritage thrives
Relieved of its ice sheath. The fresh green tide
Runs riot o'er the forest and the vast
Of [illegible]
As stronger [illegible]
Our gates are open. Fleets of Commerce ride
White sail, [illegible]
Trading the opulence of older lands
For our crude treasure [illegible]
By [illegible]
The young Outlanders come. Let [illegible]
Our Lords [illegible]
No ruth for weaklings here. To us belongs
The heritage of dauntless pioneers
[illegible]
Of [illegible]
We [illegible]
Forests to fell, and treasures to be mined,
Rivers to bridge, railroads to carry him through
Primeval solitudes. Thus shall he find
Our welcome hearty as his deeds are true.

THE BRAINS OF A TRANS-CONTINENTAL

BY JOHN V. BORNE

From the April "System" Magazine

IN 1896, nothing.

In 1907, four thousand one hundred miles of railway in operation; six hundred under construction; and two thousand more surveyed; the whole absolutely controlled by two men.

Herein is a record that would be remarkable in the United States. In Canada we accept it as a matter of course. and look for more.

Here is a paragraph of details. The derelict charter of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company was bought, and in 1896 was translated into a hundred miles of railway by William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, two railway contractors who had been partners for ten years. Some extensions were built, and a line from Winnipeg to Lake Superior was begun, the charter for which had been granted to other parties in 1889. In 1901, the Manitoba lines of the Northern Pacific were leased. In 1902, the road to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior was completed. In 1905, Edmonton was reached; and the main line was 1,263 miles long. In 1906, double entrance was gained to Prince Albert—by building a line from the east, and by acquiring a railway from the south that had been operated for fifteen years by the Canadian Pacific. This winter, Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan has been given its first competitive route to the east.

While three thousand miles of track have been built and handled in the West, the elements of a trans-continental have been secured in the East by the same two men. The Canadian Northern Ontario is built for three hundred miles, from Toronto to the Moose Mountain iron mines, which, via Key Harbor, a new port on Georgian Bay, will give Cleveland and Pittsburg an additional unlimited supply of first-class ore, five hundred miles nearer than that which comes through Duluth. The Canadian Northern Quebec gives Ottawa a new connection with Montreal and Quebec. With the governance of the Quebec & Lake St. John have come first rate terminal facilities, and access to the greatest pulpwood forests in America. In Nova Scotia, 431 miles of line have opened up the south shore between Halifax and Yarmouth, and have tapped great coal deposits in Cape Breton Island.

The first train on this system ran on December 19, 1896. In the first year the gross earnings were $60,000. The staff totalled about twenty. West of Port Arthur alone the earnings are now on a basis of $10,000,000 per annum, and 10,700 are on the regular pay-roll.

The explanation? Men, chiefly.

Mr. Mackenzie is president of the Canadian Northern Railway Company; Mr. Mann is vice-president. They are complementary one of another—which is another way of saying that they differ markedly in their characteristics. But when it comes to doing things—well, here are three pieces of evidence given by Mr. Lash, their chief counsel, during a banquet given to the partners by the Toronto Board of Trade.

Some years ago it became suddenly necessary, in a critical stage of financial negotiations in England, that the amalgamations of the Manitoba & South-

WILLIAM MACKENZIE

Who as president of the Canadian Northern [illegible] vital factor in laying the foundation of a [illegible] through Ontario

Vice president of the Canadian Northern Railway [illegible] with whom Premier Mackenzie [illegible] assisted [illegible] rapidly extending over Canada

Eastern and the Ontario & Rainy River Railways with the Canadian Northern, should be immediately brought about, and everything was accomplished, including the necessary Orders-in-Council at Ottawa, within one week.

The lease of the Northern Pacific lines was practically acquired within a week after the negotiations were opened.

The acquisition of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan Railway—250 miles in length—was first discussed at 11 a. m., and the bargain was concluded at 4 p. m., of the same day.

MACKENZIE—BUILDER AND ORGANIZER.

And first, Mr. Mackenzie. Who is he? What is he like? What is his knack of doing things? What is he likely to find round the next bend in the road?

His parents came from Caithness, and cleared a farm about seventy miles back from Toronto. From the first he was ambitious—reticently. He began by teaching school. There was little prospect in that profession, except the possible glory of showing some unsuspected genius how to spell. He found other constructive business. As you pass through Gamebridge, on the Canadian Northern Ontario line, a frame building is shown you as a piece of his handiwork. He kept store; and, when railways were first being built thereabouts, he set up as a sawmiller.

In the early eighties he was building trestle bridges for the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. He constructed the snowsheds in the Selkirks. The railways from Calgary to Edmonton and from Regina to Prince Albert were built by his firm. In 1891 he secured control of the Toronto Street Railway. The street railway franchise of Winnipeg also came his way. He became heavily interested in Montreal street traction, and, with another, once held similar privileges in Birmingham, England.

The beginnings of the Canadian Northern, in 1896, were not as accidental as they seemed. Reticence was the price of success. The wise public said that Western Canada was the inheritance of the mighty Canadian Pacific, the first great railway of the West, and that it was impossible for a great trunk and branches to be built from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, in the same way as little shops have grown into leviathan department stores. But Mr. Mackenzie laughs at impossibilities and converts them into roadbeds, rails and running rights. He is chief of forty-three per cent. of the working Canadian railroads between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps the explanation of his power is a combination of a rare instinct for the profitable thing; a capacity rapidly to transmute an idea into a proposition, and a matchless certainty that events will justify the proposition. "Mackenzie never lets go," said one who has known him intimately for many years. The testimony is corroborated by the records of big enterprises that are too numerous to mention

Where is the place of detail in this makeup? It is everywhere; and nowhere. "I am seldom out in a figure," was how he once described his extraordinary knowledge of the entrails of a business he has once dealt with. But he dismisses as detail many things which the average man regards as essential. He looks right into the centre of a problem, knows instantly what its vital spark is; and discovers a way to kindle it into a blaze, while the other fellow is wondering from which quarter a breeze may come to destroy the flame.

The man who is seldom out in a figure naturally dispenses with some of the common paraphernalia of business. In the board-room of the Canadian Northern Building in Toronto Mr. Mackenzie has a chair, a telephone, two rows of electric buttons, a blotter and accessories—and that's his outfit. He has Cecil Rhodes' disregard for letter-writing. As a rule, he makes two trips a year to Europe on financial business He cannot be induced to take a secretary with him. He always gets what he asks for.

He is not unaware of his genius for

financing, but nobody ever hears him speak of it. A few weeks ago he returned from a trip to England, during which he achieved surprising results, and gave interviews to the Toronto papers. The most accurate of the reporters wrote that Mr. Mackenzie received them in his "genially bashful way." Recently a most experienced Toronto editorial writer, who had written much about Mr. Mackenzie for a dozen years—often critically, for Mr. Mackenzie knows how to fight as well as how to be genial—met him for the first time. "I expected," said he, "to meet a big, muscular, dominating man—a sort of express in trousers. But I saw an averaged-sized, thin-handed, and, at first, almost timid man, with wonderful, winning eyes, who has got somewhere about him, an element of romance, if I am not mistaken."

It was a shrewd observation. Mr. Mackenzie's summer home is on the paternal homestead. His devotion to his family is proverbial among all who know Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto as well as President Mackenzie of the Canadian Northern. He cares intensely for Canada. To him you might as well criticise the multiplication table, as suggest a doubt of the magnificence of his country. When the Dominion Government fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, it was suggested to him that the Canadian Northern might be sold at a great price. His answer was immediate, decisive, illuminating: "No; I like building railroads." The most persistent and possibly the most bitter assailant of railways in Canada said this to me, not so long ago: "I believe that when he has built a railway across the continent, Mackenzie will be quite capable of making it a national possession." The remark is useful only as showing that the element of romance suspected by another man is not as deeply overlaid by balance sheets as is generally supposed. Mr. Mackenzie is not primarily a philanthropist. If he were, he could not build railways. But his genius for acquisition is not for self-aggrandizement.

The next bend of the road? The Canadian Northern will be a transcontinental railway, as certainly as anything can be, in a mutable world. Mr Mackenzie is fifty-seven, "the most tireless man, physically and mentally, I ever saw," said his friend Byron E. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, lately. The longevity of his father is remarkable. There is no visible reason why he himself should not be hale at eighty-five. He will go on building railroads to the end of the chapter.

It agrees with him.

It agrees with Canada.

MANN—A POWER IN RAILWAY MAKING.

"I am a believer in the made-in-Canada idea," said Mr. Mann, to the Toronto Board of Trade. He should be; a tree is known by its fruits. Mr. Mann is altogether a product of Canada. The Canadian Northern has been mainly financed in England; but it is the first great Canadian undertaking that is not a debtor to imported driving powers. It is not a breach of confidence to say that Mr. J. J. Hill regards Sir Wm. Van Horne and Mr. Mann as the two greatest living railroad builders. Mr. Hill knows what he is talking about; and if his modesty conquers him occasionally, it is the only thing that ever did.

If the Canadian Northern is singular in Canada, because it owes nothing to extraneous force, it must have developed its own driving powers. Mr. Mackenzie has done the financing; and has been in the public eye more than his partner, who has stayed at home "minding the sheep," as an inconsequential wag said. As a rule, he who minds the sheep is the more difficult entity to size up than he who goes into the market place

Writing of Mr. Mann, after Mr. Mackenzie, might make it comparatively easy to exhibit him as the complement of Mr. Mackenzie; were it not equally desirable to show Mr. Mackenzie as the complement of Mr. Mann. Finance must be followed by Construction. Construction depends on Finance.

Finance cannot repeat itself until Construction has justified its promises In the case of the Canadian Northern, Construction and Finance are truly married And, as with all fruitful, abiding unions, the parties have qualities alike, besides qualities complementary Any idea that Mr. Mann is not a first-class financier could not survive a ten-minutes' talk with him about a financial proposition

Half the art of railroad construction is in getting things done. The antecedent is the choice of right country in which to lay your first rails. The prosperity of your road may finally depend on the success with which you contrive to feed it with tributary lines, and contributary industries. Mr. Mann went to Western Canada somewhere about 1880, because he saw that the ground floor of the future was beyond Lake Superior. Two days ago, I met the head of the firm of lumbermen for whom Mr Mann was a foreman in 1879. "What was his outstanding quality?" I asked. "Drive!" was the answer. "Organizing the work, and getting it done. He was the best foreman we ever had "

See how these qualities worked under new conditions. Mr Mann is not given to excess of speech. He observes prodigiously. He was one of the builders of the railways from Regina, the centre of the prairie country, to Prince Albert, near the Forks of the Saskatchewan; and from Calgary, at the foothills of the Rockies, two hundred miles northward to Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles west of Prince Albert. He saw the Saskatchewan Valley; and it was very good. His notions about it can only be judged by what happened afterwards. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal charter, which he and his partner acquired, belonged to the scheme for reaching Hudson Bay. They built their first lines in that direction, through country which one of the earlier Government explorers described as "the finest, in a state of nature, I have ever seen."

But while this was being done, the magnificent territory between Dauphin, the terminus of 1896, and Edmonton was being pre-empted for a main line to the Pacific. And before the interests that then dominated the railway situation in Western Canada quite appreciated what was going to happen, the Saskatchewan, by the end of 1905, had been bridged in four places, and there was a main line from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Edmonton, twelve hundred and sixty-five miles away. The next year, the line from Regina to [illegible] productive wheat-growing land, fell into the hands of its actual builders; and this year Regina, by a new line to Brandon, has her first alternative commercial line to navigation. Eighteen hundred and forty miles of branches feed the trunk; and the grain elevator at Port Arthur into which the crop is poured, is the largest in the world

Every acre that has been handled by the Railway's Land Department, was granted with some charter whose promoters failed to finance it. Compared with the cash grants in aid of preceding railways, the monetary help received by the Canadian Northern has been trifling. New charters, and readjustments of old ones, have involved much legislation which has been under Mr. Mann's guidance, rather than Mr. Mackenzie's. He is a skilled diplomatist; with the advantage of always working on a case he controls; and, generally, on a case he has created.

Of conferences with his partner, nothing can be known here—the Origin of Schemes is often unfathomable. But it is known, broadly, that Mr. Mann has a rare and never ending power of projecting great enterprises, and the machinery for working them, and that their more perfected shapes are evolved in conjunction with the other side of the house. That, after all, is what you might expect. Mr. Mann weighs half as much again as his partner. He is the veritable embodiment of strength. Mr. Mackenzie is the exemplar of agility. Now, here is a test of a man's real size—does he grow, all the time? Can a man be born when he is old?

Mr. Mann has had an amazing experience. He came from the farm—his father lives to rejoice in his bequest to the nation. He is greatly wealthy; and very powerful. He does not discourse of humility or teachableness. He knows the ground he stands on; and is intimately acquainted with the ground about him. Come close up to him and you discover a breadth of outlook that only a few can possess. "I do not know a man who has grown more in the last five years," said one of his familiar friends to me three days ago.

I was reminded of the impression made on my own mind by his speech at the banquet I have already mentioned. He was obviously unaccustomed to public speaking.

But, in three or four places, he revealed a capacity for turning a phrase; and a general poise of mind that are only associated with masters of assemblies. In short, the man, his methods, his future are modern Canada incarnate.

HANNA—THE MANAGING GENIUS.

When creative genius has done its work there is generally need for some expert hand to run the mechanism that has been made. Take a rigid training in auld licht faith and practice; long-houred service on economical Scotch railways; comprehensive experience in New York, Eastern Canada, and the spacious plains of the Last West; broaden and deepen the result, by a decade of management of a fast-growing system of transportation, and you produce the third vice-president of the Canadian Northern—D. Blythe Hanna—and you also produce the keys of his success.

When you have much to do with him you find yourself saying at different points in your intercourse: "That's the auld licht this is the Grand Trunk and that is Portage la Prairie." From which it is clear that there is nothing mystifying or portentous about this personality. Success has not upset his equilibrium.

To describe the methods or systems of this third vice-president of three railways and president of two by picturing his office, numbering the bell-buttons on his table, and photographing a countenance prepared for the occasion, would be the depth of unbusinesslikeness. Because his method does not begin there—its foundations were laid at Thornliebank, away on the Clyde, and were cemented in the offices of the Glasgow, Barrhead & Kilmarnock and the Caledonian Railway. If they have been broadened and strengthened by association with much larger affairs in much larger countries the broadening and strengthening qualities were compounded in the original make-up.

Mr. Hanna is forty-nine. Until he was thirty-eight he was in no distinguished position. His career, though, which was well-founded and grounded in the years preceding that time, has been made, as far as widespread notice is concerned in that time. Through the auditing staff, the chief accountancy, the treasurership of successive roads in Scotland, the United States and Canada, he reached, the last month of 1896, the avenue to his proper vocation, by becoming the superintendent of the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Company, an almost unnoticed line that began in a village and ended 100 miles out in the wilderness. To-day he is in active charge of the running of 4,100 miles.

Railways cannot be built by advertising something amazingly attractive at ten cents the copy, obtainable at ten thousand halting places of the public. To build up out of nothing a system at the average rate of a mile a day for eleven years, and to supervise the wages of a staff of about fifteen thousand men, means finance, construction, diplomacy, driving power, enduring courage, a capacity for expenditure, and a capacity for economy, even when money is being spent like water. Merely to keep pace with such expansion would worry most men to death. While they were devising a system to handle one set of conditions they would

be smothered by the details of the next piece of work. Five years ago Mr Hanna came to Toronto from Winnipeg, because the approach of trans-continentalism by the Canadian Northern was sufficiently clear to make Eastern headquarters inevitable. The C. N. R. force in Toronto then totalled three, compared with a hundred and sixty now.

By what system can a man keep step with this kind of expansion? Of course, he must have order and coherence; method and arrangement in the devices, human and mechanical, which minister to the activity of his mind, and to the transfusing activity of his will. But the ego that is behind the whole is not an affair of foot-rules and square inches, and time-tables as rigid as auld licht theology. For, be it observed, Mr. Hanna is not in the first place or the second in the Canadian Northern. He is, as far as it is possible for any one man to be, the general manager of all the railways controlled by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Mann

I have said that sometimes one's mental comment is, "That's auld licht," and, "This is the Grand Trunk." The auld licht was dour; but it was straight. There is the fundamental of the Hanna method; and next, the experience in exactness which a course of auditing gives. Mr. Hanna has a practised eye for the weak detail in what is submitted to him. He will pounce on it with smiling mercilessness. He is the genius of economy; the abiding enemy of stinginess. Which is another way of saying that there is an admirable balance in his methods

It all comes back to the only point I care to make about method—that the railway chief, like the painter, must mix his materials with his brains. Mr. Hanna's great part in the Canadian Northern is due to his independence of precedent and his devotion to the immutability of "two and two are four." He is six feet two; as strong as a horse. He jokes without difficulty, and enjoys the jokes almost as much as those who hear them. Last spring an Irish banker traveled with him from Winnipeg to Edmonton and confessed he had not laughed so much in any two previous days. From which it is pretty clear he gets on with people—and so, also with himself.

That is the kind of man the heads of the Canadian Northern are always looking for.

CONSECRATING CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame
That so our hearts, the fever of fraction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name."

—CHARLES G D ROBERTS

IT is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices," so spoke Addison, looking into the mocking eyes of Dicky Steele. If this was true in the days of Addison and among the hedge-rows of Merrie England, how many hundred times more true it is in this year of grace 1908 among the "scant people" of Canada out of whom the benignant Fates fain would "mould a mighty state."

Daring the role of prophet, I would venture the forecast that when in the coming years Canadian kiddies study the period of national history that we are now passing through, Earl Grey's tenure of office will be remembered for nothing more insistently and more reverently than for the gentle, generous, and courtly scheme which has for its object the preservation and consecration of the Canadian battlefields.

In seizing the fact that the year 1908 commemorates the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain, the magnificent plan of the Governor-General does honor not solely to Samuel de Champlain, but to Generals Wolfe and Montcalm, to every man of their twin nations, to the women and men of a hundred varying strains of nationhood privileged to have personal part in the work of reclaiming the ancient battlefields to-day. Every time a school-boy of New Zealand, a pupil of the London board-schools or a little girl far-off on a Vancouver Island fruit-farm contributes a precious penny to the reclamation fund, an imperishable lesson in patriotism is being taught. It is when we work together as a British people in some common scheme that we realize our oneness and there is a drawing together of Empire's cords "a little closer yet."

The world's surface nor the world's history holds any spot so instinct and so prodigal with sacred memories as that of the battlefields which surround the city of Quebec. The setting apart of these grounds, as contemplated by Earl Grey, as a consecrated spot for all time, will form an object-lesson ennobling in its present-day influence and with an effect reaching down the years and strengthening as time rolls on.

Alone among the earth's immortal battlefields stand the Plains of Abraham. Here in the first onslaught an empire was lost and won, the tide of victory was arrested in the second clash of arms the honor of French and English was heightened in both. But the Plains of Abraham do not constitute the sole battle-ground in this historic spot here is a focal point for the deeds of derring-do of the past Within the confines of a scant hundred years, on the site of the city of Quebec were fought out no fewer than five battles and four sustained sieges, and there took part in these history-making actions English, Scots, Irish, Americans, French, and French Canadians

In each of these engagements, the vanquished suffered an honorable defeat, and the glory of the victors was divided among many allies. Wolfe was aided by American rangers, Carleton by French-Canadians, and it was French and French-Canadians side by side who gained the day gloriously under Frontenac, and Montcalm (at Montmorenci), and again under Levis

Heroes of many nations, soldiers by land and brave fighters of the sea will be honored by the rescuing and holding apart for ever from the work-a-day catalogue of common things this hallowed ground, the making of it an Anglo-French inheritance for those who follow after. Posterity is not exercised regarding a man's nationality, so much as his manhood; nor do our children's children inquire closely of our verbal profession of faith

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our *creeds* agree?"

It is something more vital than profession that marks the measure of a man, dead or living

The world will never tire of the contemplation of that struggle between the two strong men, Wolfe and Montcalm, on that history-fraught 13th of September in the long ago. Both men knew it to be a day of destiny. "The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity It is indispensable that you keep a foothold," this the message from over-seas to the dauntless Montcalm. His answer is characteristic of the man, "I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." We all know how he kept that promise. In honoring Wolfe, let us equally honor that towering figure aloft and alone calling to his men to fight the good fight, riding before them like a drapeau vivant of France herself, Montcalm, the last great Frenchman of the outposts of the West of his day.

Surely it would be impossible to find a more imposing amphitheatre than the sacred ground where Earl Grey plans to place his memorial to these great of old. The top of the promontory up which the attacking soldiers scaled made a mighty stage. Before Wolfe lay his battlefield and immediately beyond that, Quebec. To his right a league of waving upland rolled to find horizon in encircling foothills, to his left a hundred miles of the ramparts of blue-ranging Laurentians. And below all this the mighty St. Lawrence wound majestic carrying tribute of water from out of the fertility of an unguessed hinterland to the Atlantic bosom, beyond whose eastern waves sat Old France and Old England pulling the puppet strings which sent all this vigorous young manhood down into the contending valley of Death. History was making, this day, where at the narrows of Quebec the Old World placed bloody fingers upon the virgin page of the New.

Unique the story of this Battle of The Plains of Abraham On the one side we have Wolfe killed in the fore front of the force, his successor struck at the head of his brigade, and the British command passing with overwhelming rapidity from man to man until the four generals in succession had held the reins of power within one short half hour. On the side of France, four generals laid down their lives on this glorious and awful day: and the two youthful leaders, one flushed with victory, the other upheld in the ecstasy of a sublime self-sacrifice, sighed out

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petuate in the monuments about to be placed here, and it is to this that the call of the blood responds all round Britain's Seven Seas wherever the patriotic scheme of Canada's Governor-General is untolded

and nationalities confronts us as we proceed to unroll the scroll of
tory as it touches this spot. The
verve and virility of their race French men from every corner of sunny France

Half-tone plate by Edgar Rans
AOL ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

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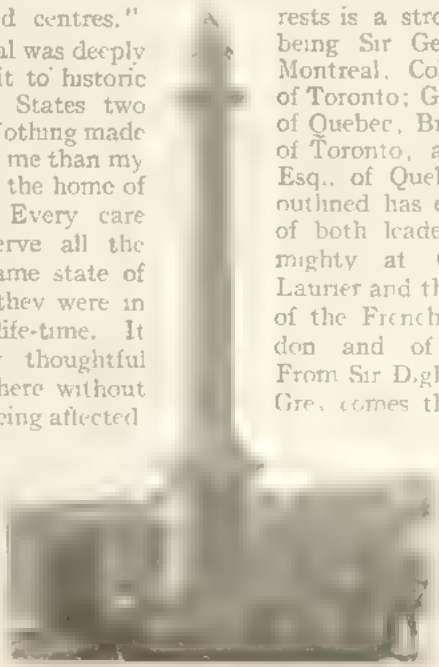
their gallantry That which remains
the United Empire Loyalists

Wolfe and Montcalm; Levis and Murray who fought after them no whit less worthily than they; Vauquelin and Saunders, the circumnavigators, Cook and Bougianville; with Frontenac and Carleton who with clear-sighted vision held each in his own troublous time the helm of state.

The scheme as outlined by Earl Grey embraces the removal from the battle-grounds of the rifle-factory and unsightly goal which now disfigure the plain, the purchase outright of certain lands, the building of a museum for historic relics, and the construction of a memorial avenue or drive. This driveway, overlooking on one side the St. Lawrence and on the other the valley of the St. Charles will be about seven miles in length and for scenic interest and natural beauty will stand unrivalled among the avenues of the world.

Earl Grey says, "I also hope that it may be possible to erect on the point of Quebec, first visible to a steamer coming up the St. Lawrence, a colossal statue of the Angel of Welcome and Peace, with arms outstretched, eager to clasp to her heart every wearied newcomer from Europe's crowded centres."

The Governor General was deeply impressed with his visit to historic corners of the United States two years ago. He says, "Nothing made a deeper impression on me than my visit to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Every care has been taken to preserve all the surroundings in the same state of dignified simplicity as they were in during Washington's life-time. It is impossible for any thoughtful person to pay a visit here without both mind and heart being affected. The influence which issues from Mount Vernon is a force which makes for patriotism and manly righteousness; it would be difficult to overestimate the value of this in-



WOLFE MONUMENT

At present, Canada's only memorial to Wolfe is an inconspicuous column erected in 1849 by the rank and file of the British soldiers then quartered in Canada. The gallant fellows gave up a day's pay that their great militant fore-elder might not be without memorial in that giant-limbed young nation which he died to save. Surely in this gracious commemorative act of the collective Tommy Atkins of 1849, we better paid workers of 1908 can find cause of emulation. "I deprecate war" I hear some one say, "I care to build no monument to soldiers." The peace of Canada to-day rests on the ancestral prowess of the brave men of old. Had they not fought, impossible would it be for us to drowse us close by evening fires "and sleep in wayside inns." Most of us like to do our fighting by proxy, let us not do our debt-paying to the soldiers of old time in the same impersonal way.

The plan outlined by Earl Grey is now well on foot. Funds only are needed, there are no obstacles in the way of the scheme's fulfilment. The Commission in whose hands the matter rests is a strong one, its members being Sir George Drummond, of Montreal, Col. George T. Denison, of Toronto; George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, Bryon E. Walker, Esq., of Toronto, and Adelard Turgeon, Esq., of Quebec. The project as outlined has enlisted the sympathy of both leaders in the seats of the mighty at Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. R. L. Borden of the French Ambassador in London and of the King himself. From Sir Dighton Probyn to Earl Grey comes the cable, "The King commands me to telegraph his approval of the scheme for the celebration of the Champlain Ter-centenary, and to say that His Majesty will gladly subscribe one hund-

red guineas toward the fund you are raising for this object."

With his characteristic earnest eloquence, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke of the dedication on the floor of the House. He said, "The occasion is fitted to recall and to celebrate the baptism of fire through which the city passed in the long struggle maintained between France and England for supremacy on this continent. The perseverance of Wolfe; the vigilance of Montcalm to try to baffle a manoeuvre which he knew must be fatal; the determined, undaunted resolution of Levis to regain the city and the courage of Murray in meeting him—all these are incidents [illegible] impression upon the imagination of mankind, and that impression, instead of being effaced by time, has been deepened. It is our good fortune that we, the descendants of those who fought and died there, can review these things in the spirit of fraternity, and that we can worship the heroes of our respective races in a common pride. Our object is to consecrate that battlefield to redeem as far as we can the errors of the past, and to set that ground aside as a noble and ennobling object-lesson for ourselves and our descendants."

DAWN

By JAMES McCARROLL

WITH folded wings of dusky light
Upon the purple hills she stands,
An angel between day and night,
With tinted shadows in her hands—

Till suddenly transfigured there,
With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson flooded air,
And flies in glory o'er the world.

THE HOMESTEADERS

BY JESSIE BECKTON

Concluded in this number

DRAWING BY FREDERICK SCHWAL

Chapter VIII.

THROUGH July and partway into August haymaking went on with vigor. Great stacks stood comfortably on both homesteads and gave an encouraging air to the beginning of our farmyard. The lumber stable had been put up and the house begun. In the old days they would have been of logs, but now, that increasing settlement had so diminished the supply, lumber was used instead. With the logs you could do a great deal yourself towards the building but lumber required more experienced work and a carpenter was employed who undertook the whole thing, house and stable, for $500. It would not be a spacious residence but large enough and quite comfortable. There was to be a living room, a kitchen, a small smoke room, and two bedrooms; a lean-to could be added later at the back of the kitchen and made out of the shanty when it was no longer needed.

With our backs to the bluffs we should look over the seemingly interminable prairie, rolling, dipping, sweeping till it reached the far faint line of heaven. Immediately in front lay a little stretch of greensward, the smaller bluffs forming a natural hedge on the one side and a big shining slough of blue water a boundary on the other. Within sight, a little beyond the slough stood Mac's house for, we had been glad to find, it had been built on a corner of his homestead that touched ours and we could still keep within neighbourly distance. We had been quite comfortable all the summer but naturally looked forward to a real home of our own and watched with keenest interest the building of our house. It would not be finished until rather late in the fall. There had been many interruptions and people do not hurry much on the prairie. If a thing is not done to-day it can be done on the morrow. It is not a life given to rush and worry, except for the one matter of weather and crops

Social life, too, on the prairie, is friendly and unconventional. There is a good deal of afternoon visiting and tea-drinking among the women. Each one knows and takes an intense interest in the affairs of the other. Sometimes, of course, little clouds arise, scandal even hovers with its black wings over the little community, but for the most part there is a pleasant comradeship.

Between haying and harvest, work is a little more slack. Picnics were got up and there was a great deal of tennis both on the public ground and at private houses. Two or three good dances were given, and these were most enjoyable affairs, where we vied with each other in the prettiness of our gowns, dispensed with ceremony, played our own music by turn, and personally superintended the preparation of the floor

But this play interval did not last long. By the third week in August harvesting engrossed the attention of the men. As soon as the grain is ready it must be cut and carefully stacked, everyone being in a ferment to get it safely home before a possible frost, which would deprive it of part of its value. Happily the frosts kept off at night whilst the days were still brilliantly fine and warm.

Mac was in great spirits His crop

Drawing by L. D. Stringham Reproduced by permission of the Museum

AFRICA OF THE KALAHARI DESERT HAS BEEN INHABITED BY MANY AGES OF PEOPLE WHO LEFT

was looking splendid, and as the great reaper and binder went steadily through it throwing out four or five sheaves at a time for the men to stack, his face became positively radiant

"It means so much to me," he said, as we stood looking out over the many acres of standing sheaves. "This will be A1 hard, and fetch a top price. Last year's crop was fairly good, and I was able to put something by, but this one will set me on my feet. I shall be able to invest in a little stock and divide the eggs in my basket."

The crops, garnered and ready for the threshing, we began to make preparations for the winter which usually unfurls its pennons sometime in November though its approach may have been heralded before; a scurrying attempt at a snow storm; an occasional frost; a keenness in the air at night and morning. Those who were belated with their haymaking brought in a few more loads. Ploughing and backsetting went on vigourously. All roots were gathered in and safely stored. House and stables were well banked round the foundations, and all crevices left gaping by the hot summer sun carefully plastered up. Large stacks of wood were placed near the house that they might be close at hand in the bad weather. The fowl houses which for the sake of warmth were partly underground in winter were got ready. Housewives laid in their stores of meat, poultry, wild fowl and fish. Before the coming of the snow all the ships (the homesteads always remind me of ships at anchor on the great prairie sea) must ride snug with reefed sails; and as though to help in this work came the glorious Indian summer. Ten days of indescribable loveliness, a haze of soft warmth and brilliant sunshine. No wind, nothing to mar the intense dreamlike beauty.

Then, too, was held the Annual Agricultural Show. This was a great day which brought everyone within anything like a reasonable distance to the little town, whether they had any-

[illegible] h viewing of stock and judging [illegible] horses, great discussions over the merits of poultry, butter, cheese, bread, pickles, jam, and plain and fancy needlework. There were prizes for everything and every one. Emulation was rife in the Settlement that day. In the evening I helped in a concert, the funds to be devoted to the improvement of the parsonage, which having been built in the days when logs were plentiful, had a nasty little way of developing cracks and crevices which let in more of the winter air than was desirable

It came over me how strange it was to be standing on that improvised and very teetery platform, wearing a white evening dress that I had worn last in Aunt's drawing room in Hampstead and singing to this audience of energetic westerners. I liked it though. I had a home feeling that I had never known in Aunt's drawing room, and I think I sang my English ballads very well. Peter and Mac were good enough to say that the honors of the evening were mine. Dick was non-committal but I think his preference leaned toward Phyllis Carlyon's contralto voice and dramatic love songs.

Chapter IX.

I had both read and heard of prairie fires and while dreading the damage that one might do I was secretly anxious to see one for myself. Round our homesteads wide guards had been ploughed with burnt spaces between, but this Mac told us might not save us entirely in the improbable event of a fire bearing down upon us, although it would give us a good chance to beat it back from the house and stables.

It was towards the end of October, when the threshing gangs had gone from homestead to homestead and the grain lay snug in the big granaries, that Peter coming in from his nightly round of the stables before turning in reported a long low line of light on the far Northern horizon. Of course we all went out to look and Mac told us it was a prairie fire, but so far off that we stood a good chance of escaping it altogether. On the next night and the night after we watched that long, low, lurid line, that grew no bigger and

approached to 10 or 12. But on the afternoon of the third day there was a faint smell of burning grass.

"With this wind," Mac said, "we shall have it down on the Settlement before long."

That evening the line had increased in height and breadth, the smoky smell had become an indisputable fact. We sat up later than usual and the men arranged to keep watch during the night. In the morning a grey mistiness and gloom had crept over the plain, the calm before the storm. A little wind moaned in the air.

"It has changed," said Dick, standing bareheaded, facing the North, "there is no escape now is there?"

"None for the Settlement, I am afraid," returned Mac, who was also looking anxiously in the same direction. "It is bound to come but they are well prepared to fight it. I only hope the wind does not shift again; standing as we do on this high ground, we and the timber may escape. If it veers ever so little to the West we shall catch it, as it is now it may rush past."

A curious feeling of excitement and unrest pervaded us. It seemed impossible to carry on the usual chores or to settle to anything. I went on making my preparations for dinner with one eye on the open door through which I could see the great rolling masses of smoke creeping nearer and nearer as the morning went on. Outside the men having stabled the cattle, made all possible preparations for the approach of the fire. Scarcely had we finished our hasty dinner than we all four hurried outside again. The wind had increased to a dull roar, and dense volumes of smoke came pouring towards the settlement.

"There it comes," said Mac, pointing to where from out the black smoke great tongues of flame leapt. The fire now well in sight came tearing at train speed towards us, whilst the smoke rose in great hollow columns and rolled overhead shutting out the sky. Yet still the wind keeping in the same quarter carried the fire away from us and allowed us to look on at the terrible but magnificent spectacle rolling past us below.

Though growing less uneasy [illegible] ourselves, we were greatly anxious for our friends. Unable to penetrate the enveloping masses of smoke and fire we could see nothing of the plain below. Each homestead we knew was making its own brave fight to secure its safety and preserve what feed for the cattle was possible, so as not to have to draw too soon on the winter store. The town was well guarded and would have an extra protection in the greater number of men to beat back with wet sacks the line of fire as it paused for a moment at the checking guards. Presently from another quarter, rose other volumes of black and red smoke, which creeping back on the other produced an even angrier raging conflict than before.

"Someone has lit a back fire," Mac told me in answer to my frightened exclamation, "it is to make his own place safe and cannot hurt the rest. The fire cannot reach him over the already burnt grass, and beating against the wind he is able to keep it under control." For hours we watched that deadly conflict, when at last the great main body of fire had rolled away to the south, all that remained to be seen was a blackened plain on which the farms stood out in happy relief, with a few remnants of still burning dried out sloughs bottoms, and a smouldering haystack or two. Eagerly we counted the well known homesteads they were still there, each one standing safe and sound. Minor losses there may have been, but not one had been "burnt-out" that day, and with thankful hearts we realized that we were all safe.

Chapter X

All our attention now was turned to the completion of the house and getting settled in it. The weather was growing colder, not only in the morning and evening, but during the day as well and it warned us to hurry forward. We had to buy a little more furniture but with one eye on [illegible] diminishing three [illegible]

was absolutely necessary. A second table and four more chairs and a stove for the sitting room, were indispensable. What more we needed we made from the ever useful packing crate. One long crate being firm and strong was converted with a hay stuffing and a covering of cretonne into quite a respectable looking couch. A few boards on iron brackets and enamelled held our book treasures, and the walls we made gay with the small pictures we had brought with us, photographs and odds and ends. The subject of a carpet was one of great discussion. Knowing that it was on my account entirely that so much extravagance was deemed necessary, I strongly vetoed it.

"You know," I said, "that were you here by yourselves you would not dream of such a luxury. We shall want all the money we have left for seeding in the spring and for the other cow. We can put down some skins as the Bradleys have done."

But my arguments were of no avail and came to an end when Peter declared that he would hire out and earn the money to pay for it unless I gave in. The bedrooms were heated by long tin pipes affixed to the stoves downstairs ascending through holes cut in the floor to the roof, the heat being regulated by dampers placed in the pipes themselves, and were entirely comfortable.

It all looked very pretty and snug when finished, the curtains and cloth of crimson baize giving to the sitting room a specially bright and warm appearance. In the small cellar we stored our winter supplies that required protection from frost, but in the shanty which we kept intact to the spring, we put our meat, fish and fowl.

In November the snow came. A fine powderlike substance containing apparently no moisture, which fell and fell with increasing rapidity and intence until over the country a white mantle lay, which it was destined to wear for many a day.

The sky by [illegible] was of [illegible] intense and exquisite, whilst the sun shone with a brilliancy that strewed the snowfields with myriad diamonds and made it indescribably beautiful.

"What do you think of the snow, Joan?" Dick asked coming in one morning, having brushed the fine, powdery stuff from his mocassins outside. "Have you plenty of wood in and water?"

"Yes, thank you, all I shall want for to-day," I answered, lifting my hands from the mass of bread dough I was kneading and shaking the flour from my bare arms.

"Well Miss Joan," said another voice from the doorway as its owner came into the little kitchen repeating Dick's question, "How do you like the snow?"

"Very much," I said, laying a thick [illegible] covering over and around my bread pan, which Dick carried to a place behind the stove for its contents to rise. "I think it is delightful, so far, but what if we are snowed up?"

"The Chinook will interfere with that," said Mac, "but this looks as if it would give us some good sleighing. When the trails are hardened you must come for some sleigh rides; you will like them."

"Yes, I am sure I shall," I answered him. "But have you been in to see the new store house?"

"Joan is so wonderfully taken with that larder of hers," said Dick laughing, "She positively gloats over those poor defunct beasts, and it was with quite bloodthirsty joy that she sanctioned the slaughter of her superfluous cocks and hens, to add to the lot."

"But it is so important," I remonstrated. "We must have fresh meat, and there is no butcher to be expected. Come out and see it now," I said turning to Mac.

The store house was quite a wonderful novelty to me, and I felt like a squirrel gathering a winter's supply each time I went into it.

"You will not starve," said Mac as he took a mental inventory of the whole, "and you are quite right: it is very necessary to be well provided, one never knows what may be wanted

in a new country. Have you got everything in?"

"I believe so," I said, "we have bacon, flour, oatmeal and groceries enough." I was going on briskly with my account when Mac interrupted me

"Joan," he said, and stopped abruptly, his face had gone white through the tan as I glanced up at the hasty exclamation, and his eyes had a strange light in them as they looked down into mine.

"It is cold here," I said hastily, "We had better go back to the house," and turning I fled, leaving him to close the door and return with the key. Perhaps he had been suddenly affected by the cold of the store-house, for he looked much the same as usual when a minute later he followed me back to the kitchen.

How we enjoyed the winter evenings, when the world of snow shut out, we drew the red curtains, stoked up well and sat warm and comfortable reading or talking, whilst the men smoked and I worked! It was one of these evenings that we drew out our account books and settled down to the revision of our past expenditure and to see how much of our capital we had remaining for the spring work and other expenses.

The house and stable and furnishings, our furs and winter clothing, the winter supply of meat and other necessary things had taken nearly fifteen hundred dollars, leaving us with a capital of two hundred and seventy-five on which to sink or swim.

"Can we do it?" questioned Dick, an upright line of anxiety growing between the two eyes bent upon the hard figures

"Of course we can," I contended stoutly, "see how much we have done already, and then you must remember we have no need to buy anything more for some time to come. We are provisioned for the winter and have sufficient flour, bacon and groceries to last until next summer. We have our poultry, the cow, and the pigs, and I ought to make the poultry pay at least for the groceries in future as Mrs Bradley does"

"And," put in Peter, "we can live on duck and green peas all summer, and when that fails, or the bank breaks, I can hire out and earn more."

"How tired we should get of duck and green peas," I said, laughing at Peter's usual easy way of arranging matters. "Luckily we shall be able to vary it occasionally with fresh meat and other vegetables."

"I think we shall be all right," said Dick, still soberly eyeing the columns of figures in front of him. "We certainly shall not starve, but there are other things to be considered It is so necessary to make a good start, the rest must follow with sheer hard work, and good will. We ought to have a second cow; Harry Carlyon says he can let us have one for twenty dollars, which we can pay for in hay as the fire left them short of feed and they have such a number of cattle stabled this winter. I should like to get a few sheep but they will have to wait, for there is the seed wheat and oats to pay for. Not that that will amount to a great deal, as we have but the ten acres to crop next year."

So we laid aside the books and smoothed out our puckered foreheads, and felt on the whole very well satisfied. The house and stables were built and paid for. The home was assured. If we had been unable to indulge in many luxuries, we had supplied ourselves with the things really necessary. We were in no danger of privation or want, and we had made a real if small beginning of the farm. As Dick said, hard work and good will must do the rest.

Dick and Peter took it in turns to go with Mac to the bush for more firewood so as to lay in a supply for the year's consumption and to bring out a good set of logs for the building of a second stable in the spring.

As the trails settled and hardened we were able to get about much as usual, to pay and receive visits to and from our friends, only now I was not allowed to drive alone, and we [illegible] and returned earlier in the day.

Chapter XI

Christmas came around. We cooked and ate our turkey together, refusing all invitations to dine away from home, as no one would leave the other behind, and someone had to remain to attend o the wants of the cattle. Mac, of course, dined with us.

The weather kept fine and bright, with little wind and a clear cloudless sky. By the thermometer it was colder than the weather that we had been accustomed to in England but it was so clear and the air was so bracing that there was no sensation of chill. I had a little of Mark Tapley's feeling. I had intended to be very patient and brave under discomfort, and the discomfort was not materializing.

"I thought they had blizzards in Canada and the States," I said to Mac, "I have read about them."

He laughed. "They do occasionally," he said, "but if it lay with me to produce one I should refuse to do it—even for you." He said the last three words a little lower and came over to where I was washing the dishes. Upon which I gave him a towel and told him that he might as well help since he had time and I talked very busily about the Settlement people until Peter came in from the barn.

But I was to have all the experiences that I had read about even to the blizzard, although they were all rather modified from the thrilling and picturesque descriptions of the printed page.

It was in February and Mac had driven me to luncheon with the Carlyons.

The morning had been fine enough but not very bright.

"I don't like the look of those clouds over there," he had said, pointing with his whip to a bank of sullen grey that began to creep up from the horizon. "We had better make an early start so as to get home in good daylight." But it was rather later than we had intended to leave for the homeward drive, before we found ourselves again on the trail. As we drove rapidly along a few snowflakes fell, and Mac leant over me to tuck the buffalo robes still more securely in their place, before giving the horse a smart cut or two with the whip, which sent him bounding at still greater speed over the crisp smooth trail.

"Once within the shelter of the bluffs we are all right," he said, as we scudded along, the iron runners ringing over the glassy way, our bells sounding gaily on the still air, but before long the snowflakes fell with ever increasing regularity, a little wind crept up, and as though to greet the fresh arrivals those already on the ground began to swirl gently up to meet them. Mac had grown very silent and beyond asking me now and again if I were warm, spoke only to the horses urging him to a still greater pace. Before we had crossed half the distance to the sheltering bluffs, the snow lay white and thick over robes and sleigh, whilst the pretty soft misty dance had changed in character, rising ever higher and higher until it together with the falling snow blotted out the wide prairie, enveloping us in a thick, ever-moving wall of whiteness.

"Is this a blizzard?" I asked Mac, shrinking close to the protection of his arm and shivering, not so much from cold as a vague fear of the storm, of the deadly peril that had attacked us. All the tales I had heard of people having been lost and frozen in such storms came to my mind and I wondered if we too were destined to share such a fate

"Don't be frightened, dear," said Mac's comforting voice and he smiled down into my anxious eyes. "We shall soon be home; Pento knows the trail as well or even better than I do, and it is wonderful what instinct these bronchos possess."

Trusting to the horse we went on. Once he stumbled, lurching heavily forward but Mac brought him to his feet again with an almost savage jerk of the reins. Mac from time to time leant forward anxiously, peering into the dense white cloud in which we drove endeavoring to discover some

trace of the trail and the land on either side of us.

He drew me still closer and gave the robe another tuck. "You are not cold, are you?"

"No [illegible] I don't want to see a blizzard after all."

He laughed a little: "Shut your eyes," he advised, "You will see something closely resembling one if you keep them open." He spoke lightly but it did not disguise the fact that he would be glad when we were at home.

Suddenly a pleased exclamation broke from him. "We are in the bluffs at last," he said quietly, but with much satisfaction in his tone. Dark shadowy objects flitted through the white wall, bushes that we could almost touch being but just visible to our straining eyes. But Pento, gathering courage, made still more gallant effort, and before long we found ourselves, with thankful hearts, within the safe shelter of home.

And so the winter months past. We were very busy and happy.

"Are you glad we are homesteaders?" said Dick one morning at breakfast. I only smiled my assent as I filled his coffee cup the second time but Peter offered an emphatic "You bet."

Never to be forgotten was the morning in early April that we waked to hear a soft drip, drip from the house eaves and knew that the spring was come. Poets have sung in all the ages of the glories of an English spring, the joyous chorus from a million feathered throats, the coming of the dainty primrose, the sweet scented violet and a hundred other blossoms, but few, if any, have written of the almost pathetic loveliness of the passing of the prairie winter, the advent of its spring.

It is beyond my skill to describe to those who have never felt it, the exquisite thrill of gladness with which one watches each little sign and token of returning warmth and natural activity. After her slumber, Nature, with the first little touch of Chinook, awakes, stretching herself with a laughing joy. With incredible swiftness the snow disappears into her capacious bosom, for even here she wastes nothing, hoarding the great moisture for her summer work. Mysteriously it vanishes. In a day or two the prairies lie bare again, tiny musical streamlets running busily here and there. Almost before the sloughs are open the frogs (the prairie nightingales) send out their cheery greeting so sweet to hear after the long silence, so wearying after a time in their ceaseless monotony. The three or four notes of the little nameless spring bird, the first to arrive, are listened for and welcomed with a greater joy than the most exquisite song. A gladness is on every face, as each one cries, "The winter is past and the spring is here."

Almost as soon as the snow is well off the ground the dainty pasque flower raises a small fluffy brown head above the ground, swelling rapidly day by day to burst into a carpet of purple and mauve, well nigh before the fresh young grass has sprung into being once again.

Instantly the work begins again. Wagons are brought out, the teams, busy in the furrows from daylight till dark, prepare the ground for the yearly crop. Everything and everyone is active and awake to make up for lost time and to forestall the future. Whilst the men ploughed, harrowed and seeded, I set my house in order. Storm doors and windows were laid aside; fresh curtains took the place of the warm red baize, whilst the winter's dust was cast out to make way for the fresh spring air and brightness.

But in the background of my mind there lay a tiny secret, that, when revealed, proved to be no secret at all. I told it to Dick one day in return for one of his own, and all his answer was, "Little goose, as if anyone could not see it. But we will give you to Mac gladly, when Phyllis comes to keep house for me."

THE END

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

AN ORIGINAL CARTOON

THE psychology of a "craze" is hard to analyse. The public, certainly, has no consciousness of what is influencing it to the point of going mad over something to which it had never given a thought until this mysterious interest swept it off its feet. All the average person knows about the growth of a craze is that, suddenly, along with the majority of his neighbors he finds a joke, a flower, a game, most interesting and delightful. Probably the real truth of the matter is that influences have been at work for a long time preparing the public mind to be interested in the particular thing that apparently springs into favor in a night. When the time is ripe some bright mind gives the world what it has been waiting for. Of course the public has not consciously longed for a new game or a new bit of slang, nor, in nine cases out of ten does the originator of the craze knowingly supply a long felt want. To originate a craze is an unconscious stroke of genius.

So originated the "Teddy Bear." The interest in President Roosevelt was at its freshest when Clifford K. Berryman of the Washington *Evening Star* drew the cartoon that launched the "Teddy Bear" on his triumphant career.

It will be recalled that when President Roosevelt made his first trip to Mississippi in quest of Bruin, only one bear was seen and he was described in the newspaper accounts as a "poor, miserable, mangy brute which the President laughed at and refused to shoot." On his return to the Capitol, Mr. Roosevelt found the populace laughing over a cartoon of himself in full hunting costume followed by a tiny moth-eaten bear cub. It was Berryman's original cartoon. The likeness to the President was so good, and the innocent expression on the countenance of the cub so amusing that it was widely copied and received with enthusiasm. Berryman continued to use the cub in his cartoons as the inseperable companion of Mr. Roosevelt, while the public continued to smile broadly and promptly dubbed the cub, after his friend, "Teddy Bear." The clever cartoonist had launched a "craze." Shortly afterwards Mr. Berryman attended a reception at the White House and the President stopped the long line of hand-shakers to say; "Well Berryman, I see that you have put the doll babies out of business."

This month, through the courtesy of an old reporter of the *Evening Star*, CANADA-WEST is able to present an original cartoon by Mr. Berryman himself. This picture illustrates the famous Teddy Bear taking a nap during one of the pauses in his wanderings, and dreaming of the new Winnipeg. The vaporings of his imagination find form in a few scattered buildings with the spire of St. Boniface in the distance. His awakening in the Western Metropolis is startling. He gazes with admiration and awe upon the Canadian Pacific Station and the crowded buildings, and rubs his eyes again to be sure that he is really awake. A rough sketch was forwarded to Mr. Berryman who generously responded with this cartoon. It is interesting to see our friend from the south of the boundary opening his eyes at the greatness of the Canadian West.

THE DREAM
AND THE
REALIZATION
1907

A YOUNG MAN

MR. Edwin Balmer, as you know, if you have looked at our advertisement in the first few pages of this number, is still a young man. But in this modern time it is nothing in a man's disfavor to be young. In this case it is perhaps because he is not old that Mr. Balmer's stories have such zest. Yet we venture to assert that when he is old in years he will still have the same bouyancy and joyous delight in the whimsical and the ridiculous, for these are qualities belonging only to the perenially young. When you have read "The Man who would be Prophet" in the next number of CANADA-WEST we are sure you will agree with us. Mr. Balmer plays on the gullibility of human nature and its wrath when it discovers it has been fooled, with an insight that is delightful.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION

CALGARY is to have the Dominion Exhibition this summer from June 29th to July 9th. The thriving Western city, is making great preparations for this important event and, judging from the large number of exhibitors who have applied for space, eastern visitors will be greatly surprised at its magnitude and importance. The directors have $140,000 to spend and are doing it with skill and care, so that fine results may be expected. Next month CANADA-WEST expects to publish an account by an eye-witness of all the preparations that are going on, and all the treats in store for Calgary's guests. We are sure that when you read about the new buildings, the blooded stock, the races, the Kiltie Band, the Government exhibits, the picturesque Indian sports and rough riding by real cow-boys you will yield to the temptation to take advantage of the low rates and the hospitable preparations of Calgary for the comfortable accomodation of its thousands of visitors, and visit in person the Dominion Exhibition.

HUMOR IN SERIES

FOR those who love to laugh—and who does not—we have a treat in store, a series of verses by Samuel Elsworth Kiser. Mr. Kiser though a Chicago journalist, is well known and much liked all through Canada, and we are sure that our readers will welcome the opportunity of enjoying more of the simple and naive humor that flows from the pen of the author of "Thrills of a Bell Boy" and "Ballads of Busy Days." Next month we shall begin the series, "More Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," and will continue it until the whole amusing tale of the office boy's infatuation for the young beauty who operates the typewriter is told. CANADA-WEST is delighted to have the pleasure of introducing to Canadian readers a particularly representative set of verses by this popular humorist.

TWO GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

SEVERAL of our special articles this month took more space than had been allotted them, with the result that we have been compelled to postpone publication of two good stories which we had advertised for this numher. One of them was "Stripy," by Francis Dickie, and the other was Cy Warman's "How God Made Temagami." Mr. Dickie is an ardent nature-student, a friend of Ernest Thompson-Seton, and his story of "Stripy" is well worth waiting for. Mr. Thompson-Seton himself pronounces the story one of the best of its kind that has ever come to his notice.

"How God Made Temagami" is in Cy Warman's best vein. It is an Indian legend which came to the author of "Stories of the Railroad" from the lips of an old Indian chieftain who is well known to-day in Eastern Canada's famous beauty-spot, the Highlands of Ontario. We have a double regret in omitting this story from the May CANADA-WEST. First, because we are compelled to postpone giving you the pleasure of reading it; and, secondly, because this is the first time in the life of the magazine that a number has appeared without the name of Cy Warman on its index page.

Both of these stories will be published in the June CANADA-WEST.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

PRETTY THIN.

A NEW cabby had taken up his stand at the C. P. Station.

"Gettin' in a new horse?" asked one of the old-timers, eying the bony nag critically.

"Aw, wotcher givin' us!"

"See yer got the framework up already."

HIS PROPERTY.

A MAN went into a clothing store, tried on a coat and after a little deliberation he decided that a different style would be better. While Isaac was in the back of the store finding another one he hastily decamped wearing the first coat. After him flew Isaac shouting, "stop thief." A policeman joined in the chase and as the man still ran, drew his pistol. When Isaac saw the weapon, he yelled:

"Shoot him in the pants, the coat is mine."

THOSE UNPLEASANT TRUTHS

AMBASSADOR Bryce, said at a dinner in Ottawa during his recent visit there, apropos of unpleasant truths:

"Why should we ever tell them? They are always unnecessary, and how they wound:

"I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forgot which—who said to her noble husband fondly:

"'You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, Percival, were you not?'

"'Yes,' the man answered, 'I owed sixty thousand pounds.'"

AT LEAST MISLEADING.

PAT, sitting by the door of his cottage, struck a match and puffed away at his pipe with no result.

"Bridget," he called to his wife in the kitchen, "Bridget just bring me a match."

Again he puffed away at the match flame, but the recalcitrant pipe did not light.

"Bridget, another match plaze."

"And for phwat does yez want so many matches, Pat?" asked Bridget as she handed him another.

"Shure O'Hoolihan said that if I would smoke glass I could see the shpots on the sun, and," with a last desparing puff at the pipe, "O'Hoolihan's a d—d liar."

THEY MUST BE HARDY.

ONE of the officials of the Department of the Interior referred at a recent dinner in Ottawa to the amateur florists who spring up in the suburbs at this season by thousands.

"More florists, perhaps, than flowers spring up," he said.

"In a seed shop the other day I heard one of these amateurs complain about the last batch of seeds he had bought. After he had ended his complaint he began to ask floral questions.

"'Oh, by the way,' he said, 'what is a hardy rose?'

"'It is one,' growled the dealer, 'that doesn't mind your wife pulling it up by the roots every day to see if it has begun to grow yet.'"

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If a woman's complexion please her the rest doesn't matter.